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*Travel in the younger sort is a part of education;
in the older, a part of experience—Bacon.*

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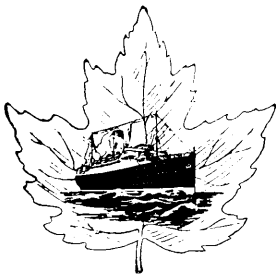
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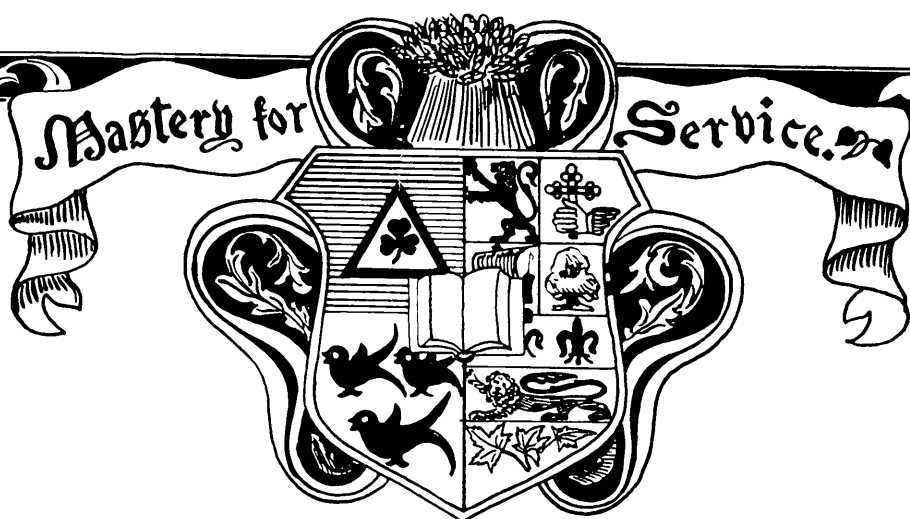
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Postgraduate Students

THE MACDONALD COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Mastery For Service
PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS

VOL. XV

JANUARY - FEBRUARY

No. 2



We congratulate the Literary and Debating Society on the success of its two dramatic evenings. The first of these entertainments, which was held towards the end of the fall term, consisted of two one act plays, "The Boor" and "Where but in America." On January 31st, "Modesty" and "Hyacinth Halvey" were staged by the Society. The value gained by the actors from these performances cannot be over-emphasized. Moreover, to students who are dependent upon places so devoid of good drama as Montreal (not to mention Ste. Anne!) the opportunity to see first class plays, even though performed by amateurs, is a treat indeed.

We wish the president of the "Lit." every success in his projected dramatic club. The four plays which have so far been staged have at least served to reveal the presence of many who have aptitude, and a few who possess real talent for dramatic work.

* * *

Perhaps the only fact which was generally accepted by the men students after they had heard the report of their Dance Committee was the unsatisfactory arrangements under which the three big dances are at present conducted. While the Girls' Gymnasium is none too large, the Men's Gymnasium is hopelessly inade-

quate for a dance of more than a hundred couples. Nevertheless convention at present seems to demand that the Men's Dance be held in the Men's Gymnasium. We urge those responsible to appoint a committee of men and women-students in order that regulations may be drawn up calculated to prevent the season of almost open hostilities which so often precedes our big dances.

* * *

The announcement of the President of the Literary and Debating Society that, due to the small entry, he had been obliged to postpone the annual Public Speaking Contest, reveals a state of affairs of which we have long been aware in our editorial capacity. The duty of sustaining the various college activities seems to devolve upon the devoted few whose willingness is an excuse for giving them burdens beyond their strength. We do not pity the burden carriers, who, if they can weather their terminal examinations, are possessors of much valuable experience; but our sympathy is certainly with the President of the Lit. when he finds that even the most devoted balk at the last straw. And, by the way, in its most literal sense 'sympathy' implies *suffering together*.

Just prior to the Christmas holidays we again met to vote on the question of *Stag* vs. Mixed tables, and as is usual on such occasions the result of the ballot showed a solid reversal of opinion within the space of three months. Apparently the cause of this change does not lie in any natural antipathy between the two Buildings, but rather in the habit which all Macdonald students seem to have of confining their conversation to "shop." While this habit is quite harmless among students of the same school, the girl who has just finished *doing time* in the Apartment cannot be expected to display an interest in the planning of lessons or the iciness of a walk to the barns during zero weather. Without wishing to be anything but impartial in the vexed question of mixed tables we feel that this habit of talking shop is indeed a serious menace to the social life of the college. So universal is it that instructors have been known to accost students at dances in order to present analyses of their exam. papers. The fault is easier to discover than the remedy, but so far as mixed tables are concerned we might suggest that, in the style of the antique romances, each damsel or gallant be required to tell a daily story for the entertainment of his or her companions. At the end of the fortnight the best attempts might be forwarded to the editor for publication.

* * *

We should like to draw attention to the lack of form which is apparent at some students' meetings. While the meetings usually begin with reasonable decorum, as

the discussion grows warmer the Chair is successively addressed as Mr. Chairman, Mr. Smith, and Bill. Finally it is not addressed at all and arguments are flashed back and forth among the students, to the despair not only of the Secretary but also of any who have the least regard for form and decency in the discussion of public business. Besides laying the individual open to embarrassment when at any time he may wish to speak at a meeting where more orderly methods prevail, this disregard of form frequently leads to delays and misunderstandings which cause considerable trouble and prevent officers from interpreting the wishes of the house. As a remedy we suggest that those who have the requisite knowledge should, when occasion occurs, "rise on a point of order" and not sit down again until the point is smoothed to their satisfaction.

* * *

As is customary, the members of the magazine board who have held their present offices for a year resign with the publication of this issue. The editor, who was elected in the middle of their term of office, wishes to express his thanks for the loyal service which these men have done him. In particular, he wishes to thank the members of the business and advertising staffs, upon whom devolve some of the hardest, most necessary, and least appreciated work of all. Neither the soliciting of advertisements nor the collection of bills is inspiring work, but both require attention when *Wright's* or the skating rink might prove more congenial.

It is charming to hear a man admit that he is wrong;
nothing is more winning.

George Moore.

On the Organization of Dramatic Society at Macdonald

BY A. ZOOND

There is probably no means of intellectual recreation that is at the same time so instructive and so amusing as amateur theatricals. Apart from its value in familiarising us with dramatic literature, play acting teaches us to analyze character, and to express feelings and emotions by gesture and by modulation of the voice, a practice that might be extended with advantage into ordinary speech. Now there is nothing particularly difficult about putting on a play. Everybody can act. There was a certain amount of literal meaning in Jacques' remark that "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." The two performances of one-act plays produced by the Literary Society have demonstrated what we can do when we try. As first attempts those plays were very creditable indeed, but there is no reason why next year and the year after we should not do very much better. But before we progress very far it will be necessary to organize a dramatic society. The production of a big play, and also to some extent, of short plays, entails a great amount of work, that can be satisfactorily performed only by an organized body of workers.

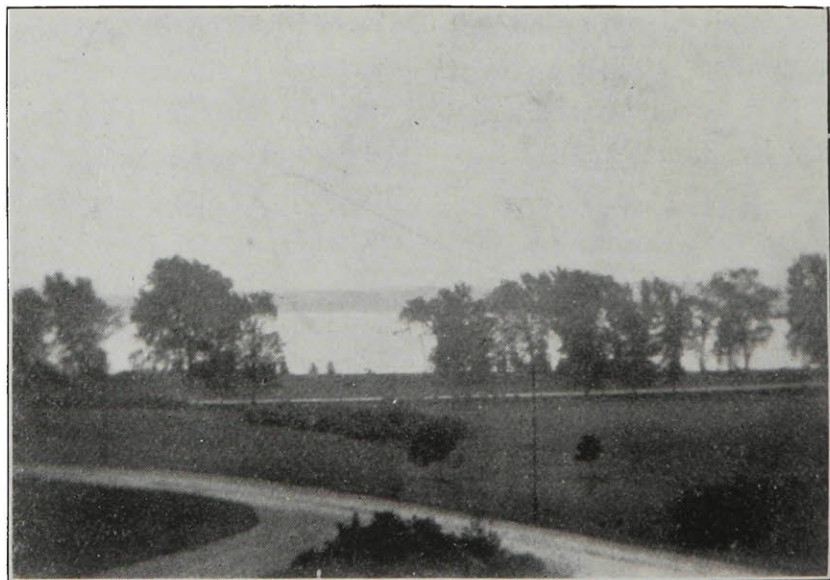
The first problem in producing a play is to select the play. Now this is so important a matter that it cannot be safely intrusted to any one person. Individuals are so liable to be guided by considerations of a purely personal and private nature. Those of us who are agriculturally inclined are acquainted with the great axiom that the bull is half the herd. Similarly, and with equal truth, it might

be said that the playwright is half the cast; in fact, when the play is a poor one, even the most distinguished company of actors cannot succeed in making it amusing. Of the four plays produced this winter two were good plays, and two were exceedingly bad ones, and we all know which were the most entertaining of the four. So we must have a committee for the selection of plays. The same committee can quite conveniently attend to the next job too, which is the selection of the cast. Now this is even more delicate a task than the selection of the play, because the different dramatists under consideration are usually some thousands of miles away, and don't know anything about it anyway, whereas the candidates for the different roles are usually very close at hand, and, of course, each one feels that he is the one for the part. So the selection committee has to be a body with a certain amount of authority, and a considerable amount of independence. The method of selection will have to be devised to suit the case. The best method is to have preliminary competitive try-outs in selected scenes from the play, but if that is not feasible direct nomination may be practised to begin with. When the cast is selected, rehearsals can begin at once, and from then on the cast must be in the hands of a stage-manager, whose word is law.

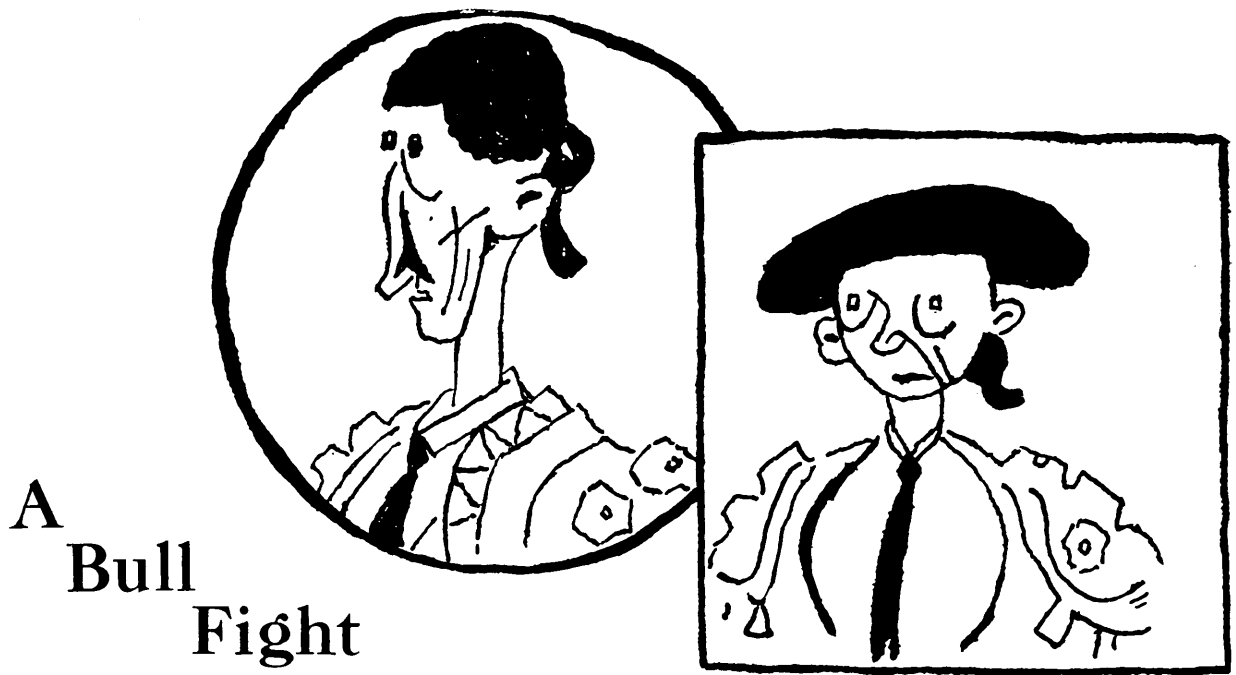
Besides the cast there are three other groups that are equally indispensable to the production. These are the costumes committee, the scenery committee, and the properties committee. With a big

play there is usually enough work to keep three or four people busy on each of these committees. It is absolutely essential that certain individuals should definitely undertake to look after these three items, so as to permit the members of the cast to devote all their time to the study of their parts. That will only be possible in a well organized, closed society, in which every member is active and keen, and willing to do his bit. It is necessary to make it a *closed* society, because if all students are *de facto* members, it will be hard to centralize authority and to find people who are willing to exert themselves. A membership of thirty or forty is quite sufficient, and it is a good plan to have new members pledge themselves to undertake any task that is assigned to them.

The main theme of these somewhat random remarks is that we should organize a closed society for the production of plays. Such a society will have, of course, a president and an executive, who will nominate sub-committees when necessary. It will need a certain amount of funds and, with time, will amass a certain amount of property in the shape of scenery and costumes. Our main difficulty here is our transient population. It will be important to have in the society a number of members who will remain for more than one year, and who will be able to give the society a continuous tradition, and a more or less consistent policy. With such a comparatively permanent nucleus there is no reason why a large proportion of new members should not be assimilated every year.



The Campus



A Bull Fight

BY C. HARVEST, AGR. '28

It was a quarter to six on a terribly hot Sunday afternoon, when I arrived at the Bull-ring, after the customary "siesta." Soon I was seated on a hard leather cushion, amongst the crowds of enthusiasts. On my left was seated a stout gentleman in black who was very busy studying the programme; a season ticket holder. I decided. The seat on my right was very much occupied, by a stout lady, also in black, sporting her best mantilla and fanning herself continuously, who seemed to be very interested in the other ladies present. Probably my shoulder was touching hers, for presently I received a dig in the ribs from her elbow, and she made some remark telling me not to encroach on her two and a half square feet! So far no one had arrived to take the seat in front of me, but soon a typical young Spanish officer came along, who had not shaved for at least three days. He seemed to be very interested in some people further down in front of him, obviously "senoritas."

Looking further around me, there were to be seen workmen in their Sunday best, and shopkeepers having their afternoon

off. In the boxes were to be seen some members of the Aristocracy, the ladies wearing magnificent shawls, and in one about thirty members of the Civil Guard, ready for a possible disturbance. Behind and up high, stood the large box of the President, which their Majesties occupy, when they attend.

With the fanfare of trumpets and the beatings of drums, the entertainment began with the "Salida" or entry of all taking part. In the front came the matadors, who happened to be some of the best in Spain, and behind them followed their assistants — cloth-wavers, banderilleros, picadors and others. It was a most impressive sight — with the bright clothes of the toreadors, the many-coloured fans of the spectators, the colour of the sand and even of the building, together with the brilliant sun of Spain set in a bright blue sky. In this gorgeous setting the Presidente, from his high box, throws down the key into the arena and the first bull is released.

The people now get excited. The bull comes out of a door at the side of the arena, into the bewildering sunlight, aft-

er having spent several hours in complete darkness, and, directly it gets used to the sun, dashes at a man wearing a blue and yellow cloth, who barely escapes with his life by jumping over the fence. The bull now charges about all over the ring and at length stands alone in the immense arena, waiting for his next enemies. These are antique cab-horses, with their backs bent under the weight of portly picadors, who each carries a long pole with sharp ends. Each horse has the eye towards the bull blindfolded, and they are pushed by two men along the side of the arena, until they come near the bull. The two assistants now push the ancient horses in turn sideways towards the bull whilst the stout picador tries to attract the bull by motioning with his weapon. The bull stares, and then charges the horse, whilst the rider tries to stick the bull with his weapon at the back of the neck. But the poor horse is lifted up by the bull's horns and collapses on the ground, taking its weighty rider with it, still with his legs in the large box-like wooden stirrups. A brave and agile cloth-waver springs forward and tries to attract the bull away. The battered horse gets up and the picador is lifted on to it by two men. My neighbor nearly forgot himself for he sprang up and nearly followed the past custom of throwing his leather cushion at the rider, for using such a horse (this custom has been prohibited by the Government.) But the horse collapsed at once, and my neighbour sat down, looking rather sad at being done out of a little excitement. More horses, which had seen at least fifteen years of service in the city, were killed, until there were quite nine to be seen lying dead on the ground — a revolting sight.

The picadors have now done their share, and we being all positively disgusted by such a sanguinary spectacle, were glad to see their places taken by youth-

ful and agile banderilleros, each carrying a couple of banderillas. These weapons are about two feet long and resemble peppermint sticks, with bright-coloured strips of paper at one end and sharp barbs at the other.

A young banderillero now waits for the bull to charge but it turns away, evidently uninterested; and so he runs along trying to attract its attention. A neighbour suggests that he should stand on the fence to be more in evidence. In running one of his lady-like shoes comes off, and two assistants rush out to help him to put it on again. This greatly amuses my friend next to me, who yells "Take him a mirror."

In the meantime cloth-wavers make the bull face the right way, but when our young friend tries to make it charge at him in order to run and stick his weapon into the back of its neck, it turns around and bolts for the nearest part of the fence, over which it jumps. There follows another delay, while they drive it through a gate into the ring again. At last, after the cloth-wavers have played about with the bull, making it charge their cloths and flopping them over the bull's head, our banderillero is able to jab his candy-like weapons into its neck, where they stay, the spikes acting as wedges under its hide. To infuriate the bull still more they thrust in "banderillas de fuego," which are the same weapons as before, but with fireworks attached. This was found to be very entertaining and received much applause.

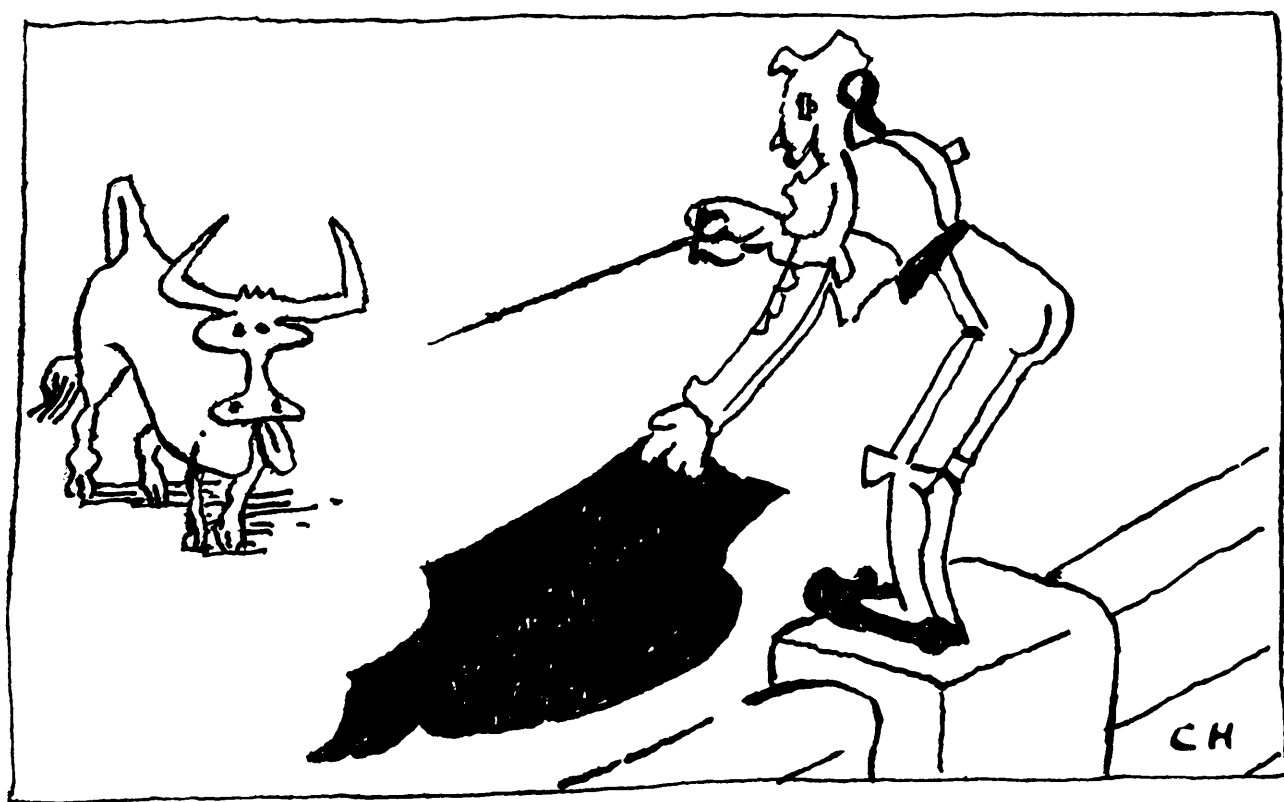
Trumpets are blown and drums beaten again, and the most important part of the show begins. The matador takes his sword and red cloth and, coming in front of the Royal box, solemnly dedicates the bull to the *Presidente*. After having handed his hat to one of his assistants he now goes out bravely towards the bull. The crowd gets more excited than before. The cham-

pion now goes through his stock tricks. He strides up to the bull and touches and holds onto its horns, and flourishes his red cloth before its eyes. He gives the crowd a huge thrill by letting the bull's horns pass within a hair's breadth of his body, tossing the cloth over its head. This greatly pleases the spectators, who applaud loudly, whilst the matador turns his back on the bull, and bows. In the meanwhile an aeroplane whizzes past over the bull-ring, low down, and drops innumerable bits of paper. But soon the bull gets bored with these tricks, and the matador can do nothing to please the crowd, which gets sulky and many appeal to the *Presidente*. But he has vanished from his box. My neighbour, like many others, rises scornfully, turning his back disdainfully upon the ring and luckless matador, stares up at the sky. He has already taken off his coat, collar and tie, displaying a clean shirt, but it has lately been dirtied by a small boy, who has rubbed his dusty shoes on the man's back. But there must be more excitement, and

a young boy from the audience, with sword and red cloth in his hands, dashes over the fence to show the matador "how it ought to be done." Unfortunately, he is surrounded by a cordon of police and haled to the cells. Nevertheless this has a great effect on the matador, who finishes the fight by thrusting the sword to the very hilt into the back of the bull's neck.

The bull drops. Another blast of discordant music, and the carcasses are hauled out by teams. The matador is highly applauded for his exhibition, to the accompaniment of another snowstorm, this time of straw hats, thrown down by the spectators into the arena, whilst he goes round and throws them back. But the afternoon's entertainment is not over — there are still seven bulls to be fought — and the second bull is led out to be fought by the matador and his assistants.

Many are they who object to this National Sport of Spain — but a revolution would be the outcome if anyone dared to abolish, or even change, the solemn rites of Sunday afternoon.



The Winter Carnival

(as it was twenty-six years ago)

EVA L. CANDLISH, TEACHERS '25

It is a clear, cold winter's night — the air is keen, thousands of stars shine overhead, and the snowflakes on the ground glisten like diamonds.

As we tramp merrily along hearing the tinkle of bells everywhere, we are glad to proclaim the presence of winter with its many pleasures. We feel to-night a special gratitude to winter, for we are on our way to the Carnival, that wonderful event made possible only by the presence of winter. Already we see a glistening structure in the distance, sparkling amid all the surrounding illumination. As we approach it, a doubt arises in our minds as to whether this wonderful palace is really not a part of the fairyland we loved to imagine in our childhood. We admire its towers, marvel at its height, and are tempted to stand longer to examine its minute and intricate decorations. Then we venture into its chambers, and are almost dazzled by the sparkling interior. The Ice Palace has certainly surpassed all our expectations.

We hear the band playing in the distance, and making our way towards the skating rink, another equally picturesque spectacle presents itself. Over a hundred men and women are gliding along in their beautiful rich costumes. No two look alike — the whole scene is a glow of moving colors, and the gay skaters seem to be

enjoying themselves to the utmost.

Leaving this gay company, our attention is attracted by the merry laughter and shouting of those whom we know to be tobogganing. Here again, is a sight worth beholding. A bell sounds, — all eyes turn eagerly to the top of the hill. At first we see nothing; but now a huge toboggan is speeding rapidly downward, the shouts of its occupants, and the cheers of the onlookers piercing the sharp air. All participate in the spirit of the coasters, the old feel young again as they watch each toboggan shoot down the hill with its merry rosy, noisy occupants.

For a moment we leave the sliders to their rather hilarious pleasure, for the snow-shoers are coming. Torches illuminate their path. We are fascinated as we watch them pass, the men in blanket suits, and the women in attractive costumes. Each one seems to be enjoying the exercise to the full, — in fact the spirit of pleasure and merriment is everywhere prevalent.

Could we remain longer, we would see the skaters, coasters and snow-shoers enjoying a hot supper together, delighted with their evening's sport. We return home with a vivid mind picture of the whole splendid flash and joy of the Carnival — an event which we would gladly welcome back to our Canadian winters!



Pictures From The Sea

BY R. O. BROOKE (POST GRAD)

"Hey there, below there, haul in yer line."

The skipper's roar fairly shook the cabin. I tumbled up on deck just as quickly as my unseamanlike legs could carry me.

Fog, fog, fog! dense enough to cut. It wrapped the schooner in a sodden blanket; little eddies drifted this way and that, and strange forms moved indistinctly for'd hauling in the hawser.

The tug with a farewell blast disappeared hooting into the mist, leaving us to face the Atlantic alone.

My memory of that trip presents a series of mental pictures each complete in itself. The glory of the sea and sky; and of wind and storm, hides the filth and sordidness of a month on the Atlantic in a 140-ton halibut fishing schooner. No doubt the shadowy sails with moisture dripping from every block, the stench of bad fish from the decks and the uncertainty of the pitch-black nights would give pleasure to few. But memory washes away the dirt and leaves for me only the glamour of my first trip to the Banks on the *Annie L. Spindler*.

I remember that first night very well. My bunk seemed to have arranged itself after the manner of a range of hills full of hard peaks, and uncomfortable corners. At last I fell into a fitful sleep in which my landlady appeared in monstrous proportions chasing me down the main street of my native village. Just, as I had given up all hope she changed to a lioness and gave forth an unearthly roar.

"Hey, stow yer stays'l" boomed the skipper. Half asleep I dragged on oilskins and gum boots, and rushed on deck, trying to concentrate my scattered wits, as to the exact nature of a stays'l.

The "*Annie L. Spindler*" was leaning over on the starboard tack her main boom heaving to the drag of the mains'l, blocks and tackle creaking, the seas running level with the rail and every sheet twanging in the wind, as the vessel carried a foaming wake from the waves. A rising moon sent a shimmering, scintillating path across the ocean.

Already the stays'l hung like a cloud half way down from the masthead, and beyond the house, the cursing, struggling crew grappled with the halyards.

I stayed on deck for some time talking with the 'Cap.' The 'Cap.' was the fattest man I have ever seen and his heart was bigger than his body. I shall never forget when once, on his way below, his foot slipped and he jammed in the companion way. It took us ten minutes hard shoving to heave him free.

The trip was unfortunate from the first. Fog and storm did their best to thwart us. Time after time we found the ideal bottom for fishing and set our trawls, and then, down would come the fog, dense, mysterious and dangerous.

When it lifted we might be a hundred miles from the grounds.

For a whole week the wind dropped, leaving us helplessly wallowing in a heavy swell, first one rail awash and then the other, the boom swinging heavily and the rails banging like big guns.

It was a real pleasure to awake one night, to the skipper's roar "Clear away, yer jumbo; make fast to loo'ard." In a few minutes the canvas filled and the schooner fell away before the wind.

Presently a squall of rain burst over us and hissed away to leeward, then another and another. Above us the moon raced through masses of clouds, now hid-

den, now bursting in glory like some celestial high explosive. Occasionally lightening flashed along the skyline bathing the waves in green light. The skipper in his bulging oilskins stood by the wheel his eyes aloft watching the sails. Now and then his bellow of "Main sheet" brought us staggering aft to haul or slack on the mains'l, as the breeze changed.

Annie seemed to live once more. Tossing her foretop she drove her nose into the smother. Alongside, the waves disappeared one moment into the dark below and in the next rushed foaming into sight and swished away astern as the vessel rose and fell in the seas.

It takes an old hand to sleep on such a night, legs and arms wedged against the side of the bunk to keep beneath the blanket, with the vessel rolling incessantly and water racing across the decks above. On this particular night I was none the less startled, although wide awake, when an extra heave sent me sprawling on the cabin floor with the swing lamp on top of me and a flood of brine sweeping in through the hatch.

Above the confusion the skipper was shouting hoarsely, "Boom tackle, boom tackle. Hey hands, boom tackle."

The gale had unexpectedly swung and the decks were feet deep in water as sea after sea drove inboard.

"Jibe her" he yelled, his voice fading down the wind. Desperately we struggled with the boom tackle. When all was ready, round came the schooner, the wheel hard over, and with a jerk that nearly

wrenched our arms away the fores'l filled on the other tack.

The situation relieved we finished the night in comparative peace.

* * *

But then in contrast, those glorious sunshiny days come to mind, days when the sky was blue, with long white clouds high up, the sea like undulating liquid granite, gulls swirling and screaming above our foaming wake, and, appearing and disappearing, the pure white sails of distant craft. It was at such times that the skipper's jovial personality seemed to envelope us all as he sat by the wheel, his boisterous laugh ringing along the deck.

Homeward bound we sailed at last with what fish we had safely iced below and our cloud of sail ballooning before the breeze. I can tell you one appreciates the sight of land after a month in close quarters with no chance for a wash or change of clothes.

The south coast of Nova Scotia is very beautiful when seen from the sea. The low green cliffs are clothed with spruce, and pine. Here and there a village or lonely light-house breaks the outline. There is a striking contrast in colours, blue, green and yellow, which nevertheless blend in such a way that they give an impression of wonderful brilliancy and beauty.

The tug met us in the evening at the narrow entrance to Yarmouth harbour and puffing like a grampus she led us alongside the wharf.



We all suffer from depression occasionally, and we are all too liable to forget that every mood is a passing mood.

George Moore.

Haunted Libraries

BY NORMA E. HOLMES T.' 25

One October afternoon I looked up with a sigh from the last word of my book to find myself alone in the library.

The shadows had lengthened and dusk was creeping like a cloud from every darkening corner, blurring the giddy, bright-hued books with the sombre greys and browns into mellowed harmony. Through a leaded window I could see a rosy haze fast fading in the west. The polished beams and panelling, touched with light, gleamed faintly here and there. All was still — not even a cricket chirr nor peep of drowsy bird.

As I sat there dreaming of the book which I had read, of romance found and fortunes lost in far-off Sicily, a queer feeling stole o'er me and out of the dim corners, grey shadows seemed to move.

With the faintest, whispering rustle, a dainty little lady stood beside me. I looked up to meet two eyes of deepest blue and as I smiled, she dropped a little curtsy. Her flower-face was tinged with rose, her lashes drooped demurely.

Then I took time to note the little maid. She looked so quaint and sweet. Her rose-wreathed bonnet framed a face of sweetest charm and, as she lifted her frilly skirt to curtsy, I glimpsed two tiny sandalled feet.

"And have you all forgotten me?" she asked a trifle wistfully. "I am just one of the old-fashioned girls from yonder case." She waved a small, white hand towards an unfrequented corner, containing books long since styled as 'sentimental trash' by this "enlightened" age. "Ah, I see you have," she sadly shook her head. "Although, indeed, we meant no harm. Was it all wrong to be just 'womanly?' To stay at home and cook and mend and sew and weep a bit for faithless lovers? To

go to church on Sunday? Was it unmaidenly and silly?"

I smiled, I could not help it. She shook her head, and there beside her stood a row of lovely maids. I picked out with delight a familiar figure here and there, Anne of Green Gables, the Little Women, Lorna Doone, Joan and Genevieve and Billy, but some I did not know.

In a moment they were gone. As I watched them fade into the shadows, other shapes appeared. They came gliding towards me, crowding round, as fast as my bewildered eyes could follow.

And some were merry and some were sad and some were haughty and some were glad. Some were happy for they were remembered, others, very modern and sophisticated, gazed sleepily, through rings of curling smoke, upon the eager throng. Among this group with airs of cultivated boredom, I saw the heroes and heroines who had stepped from the books of Robert Chambers, Peter B. Kyne and others.

In one corner a merry jester shook his cap and bells before — ah, was it Romeo and Juliet, or Pyramus and Thisbe, Rowena and Ivanhoe, or Columbine and Harlequin, or all of these? In another corner Philip and Joan danced a minuet.

They were all there, before my dazzled eyes. Babbie with the gleam of scarlet berries in her hair, the Virginian, John Halifax and, stumping back and forth, with the shrieking parrot on his shoulder, was, of course, John Silver.

Noah Webster stood shaking his head over a dictionary of modern spelling. H. G. Wells was smiling with impish amusement upon John Knox, Camdon and Herodotus, who were exclaiming indignantly over a copy of the 'Outline of History.'

Sir Lancelot knelt before the Lady Guinevere, his armour gleaming 'bronzily.' Above them smiled Sir Gawain and Sir Nigel and beside them stood Sir Galahad, his face alight with inner fire.

Uncas stood alone, arms folded, graven, immobile, a figure of striking majesty, the proud and lone survivor of a mighty tribe. In an alcove by themselves Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn were getting acquainted with Tom Brown and Penrod and Sam Morose was dashing hither and thither, hands to ears, in a frantic attempt to evade the loquacious Epicoene.

Madame Defarge knitted on in terrible

unconcern, while around her passed Ali Baba and his forty thieves, Topsy, Cleopatra and Mrs. Wiggs.

My head was swimming when all at once a step rang out in the corridor, like the tolling of a bell. The door opened and the next moment the room was flooded with light.

I stared in amazement. Not a thing was to be seen but gleaming beams and polished floors and row on row of books—bright ones, sombre ones, and in far corners, dust-covered ones, which barely showed the names of Little Women, Anne of Green Gables and Lorna Doone.



Railway Stations

BY JAMES C. CAMERON, T' '25

O! I have seen more sadness and more faint hearts broken,
 More parting scenes of woe.
 More real revealing of the soul's deep feeling
 Than elsewhere that I know,
 By painted stations — one of man's creations —
 Where the bustling porters hie;
 Where a hasty blessing and a fond caressing
 Bring tear drops to the eye;
 And great is the grieving and the hurt heart's heaving
 As the heedless train goes by.

Yet I have read the richness of more glad returnings
 That took their toll in tears!
 There are hearts enlightened and dim eyes brightened
 As the rushing engine nears
 The sombre stations, where the heart's elations,
 The soul's distress or woe —
 Are clearly written on the weak ones smitten
 When their true friends come or go;
 But whether the gladness may be greater than the sadness.
 The world remains to know.

The Basque Country

BY RICHARD COOPER, AGR. '26

It was shortly after we had left Ren-
cevals that *Richard* and I were initiated
into the sport which makes the Spanish
busman's life a perpetual holiday. We
were seated upon a narrow bench on the
roof of the bus which runs daily from St.
Jean-Pied-de-Port to the little village of
Aioiz. *Richard*, who has what amounts
to a passion for such things, had pro-
duced a map which we were both trying
to keep unfolded against the wind. Sud-
denly and without warning the driver
swung the bus onto the left side of the
road and we had barely time to duck be-
fore we were swept beneath some low-
branched trees which here skirted the
roadside. So soon as we had passed un-
der the trees the fellow returned to the
middle of the road, where he continued
to drive until another suitable opportuni-
ty presented itself. Nothing could have
been more deliberate. Whether the driv-
er considered 'mad Britishers' fair game
or held that people who risk the outside
seat when there is "plenty of room in-
side" must expect to take their lives in
their hands, he never missed an oppor-
tunity to sweep us beneath a row of low-
branching trees. Within our limited ex-
perience the Tree Game proved general
among Spanish busmen.

Meanwhile the character of the coun-
try had changed. The smiling meadows
and wooded slopes of French Navarre had
given way to a parched country of grays
and browns. Once we crossed a bridge
over a wild disorder of water-worn
stones among which ran a miserable
brown trickle of a river. For the most
part the road was completely deserted
except for great wains similar to the
pioneers' covered wagons. Each wagon

was drawn by some half-dozen mules
hitched tandem, so that when we were yet
within a hundred yards we could see the
muleteer brandishing his whip and driv-
ing the leader over to the side of the road
in order to make way for us.

We left the bus at Aioiz and took tick-
ets on the tramway which, with one
change, takes you from that village to
Pamplona. The earlier part of the jour-
ney was enlivened by one of the dirtiest
and most jovial drunkards I have ever
seen.

Just outside Pamplona the sombrely
clad man who had appointed himself our
guide drew our attention to a forlorn set
of goal posts standing in a brown field,
for all the world like a dilapidated gal-
lows on a haunted moor.

"Foot-ball," he said. — and that was
apparently all the English that he knew.

We found Pamplona an up-to-date
town and we had no difficulty in finding
a room at the *Perla* in the Place of the
Theatre.

Beyond "Gracias senor" and "No
hablar Espanol" *Richard* and I may be
said to have no Spanish. We were there-
fore lucky to find an hotel clerk who
spoke French with some fluency. Dinner,
we learnt, would be served at the bar-
barous hour of nine and in order that
time might not hang heavily on our hands
we were given two police registration
forms with which to wrestle.

In its composition the Spanish menu
may be compared to a Sherlock Holmes
detective story. A number of rather
highly flavoured and disconnected inci-
dents lead up to a *dénouement* in the
form of the *pièce de résistance*, after
which nothing remains but the dessert.

The meals are colossal, and — again like the detective story — it is disastrous to consume them too late at night. The wine of the country proved rather harsh to our taste, the flavour of the goatskin being at least as strong as that of the grape.

Next morning the first business was to

moment and then poured a flood of Spanish at us. We retired to a safe distance and began to examine her stock. Presently we found a book whose title demanded in Spanish whether we desired to learn English in ten days. We did not, but as we could use it backwards we bought the book for want of a better.



Pamplona

Drawn by F. Bruce after a photograph by the author.

secure a phrase-book. We entered a promising bookshop.

"No hablar Espanol," we said, rather unnecessarily.

"Diccionario?" asked *Richard*.

"Ingles-Espanol," I added, not to be outdone.

The woman looked bewildered for a

Then we went in search of a *bota*. A *bota*, be it known, is a bottle made of goatskin and fitted with a horn nozzle. There is no finer thirst quencher in the world than a jet of harsh country wine, squirted at the tonsils from one of these bottles. When new the *bota* imparts an abominable flavour of goat to its contents

and must be seasoned with brandy and rum. As much depends upon this process as upon flavouring a meerschaum pipe. Those who have tasted the contents of a *bota* know why the Jews were sometimes tempted to put new wine into old bottles. The golden rule with a seasoned *bota* is (refreshing thought) never to put water into it.

Now the innkeeper at Gèdre, besides being a prince among cooks*, is an excellent shot and something of a mountaineer. It is his fixed opinion that of all *botas* manufactured in the Pyrenees none are so excellent as those which bear the stamp of Iglesias of Pamplona. So, with a little trouble, we found our way to the combined factory and store of the master *bota* maker. We explained our business to Iglesias himself, and he selected for us a skin which was hanging hair-outwards from a heavy beam of the ceiling. It was pleasant to watch the manual skill and economy of movement with which this honest workman completed his product for sale. With a short stick he turned it inside out, so that the hair lay inwards. Then he chose a horn nozzle and with a few deftly placed turns of cord and a single nail he secured it to the skin. He now filled the *bota* with water and with a gesture invited us to stamp upon it in order to test its strength and tightness. Not a drop of moisture appeared on the outside. Finally he marked the skin with his brand. We left Iglesias' *boteria* with the feeling that we had seen one of the last of the antique craftsmen.

Later in the day *Richard* was smitten with a desire to try the phrase-book. We sought out a cafe and after we had sat

Note:—*He knows more ways of cooking eggs than Mrs. Beeton herself. Some day I will return to him and stay until he repeats himself — which is a poetical way of expressing eternity.

down at an outside table I pulled out the book.

"How do you ask for a drink?" asked *Richard*.

I searched in vain.

"You're not supposed to be so earthy," I said severely. "I could order codfish or a ling or even sea sleeves (whatever they are). If you want your moustache curled you have only to say the word...."

"Here waiter! camarero!" interrupted *Richard* holding up two fingers "Dos..." he paused, looking at me inquiringly.

"Curacao," I said — and it was excellent too. But the phrase book had failed at a critical time, and never regained its former prestige.

In view of the amount of eating and drinking which this narrative has contained, the reader will be relieved to learn that we were able to climb a hill in search of the cathedral. We found an imposing building in late Gothic. The guide-book mentioned paintings by various masters of the Spanish school, but a priest whom we accosted with—

"Pintura?" was either unable to answer or unwilling to show the masterpieces to a pair of such obvious heretics. Finally, however, he led us into a large room decorated in magnificently bad eighteenth century taste with gilded walls and polished floor. Here we were shown a collection of classical and mediaeval coins as well as a treasure chest covered in beaten silver of the Indies. Then our guide led the way to the cloisters. I was familiar only with the austere gray stones and clipped lawns of the quadrangles in some of the English cathedrals, so that the deep shadows and warm southern tones gave an entirely novel impression. We looked through the ironwork grilles across a quadrangle filled waist-high with rank vegetation to rich brown walls and red tiles. The innate Puritan in me re-

sented finding so much life in such a place; but, save for the rank weeds, there was no life there.

We spent two days exploring Pamplona and on the morning of the third day we left for Jaca by a crosscountry omnibus.

The country between Pamplona and Jaca proved even more desolate than that to the north of Pamplona which we had already traversed. The villages are perched on small hills above the brown plains, giving a very exotic effect. We reached Jaca at noon, and after luncheon explored the town which seemed to have three noteworthy features, a cathedral, a garrison, and an amazing quantity of dust. Of the dust, the least said the better, we spent much of our time trying to avoid it and meeting it unexpectedly around corners. The cathedral, as the guide-books say, "repaid a visit" (though that phrase always conveys to me the impression of one meticulous in maintaining his social solvency by returning duty-calls).

The garrison was typical and consisted of beardless boys and stubble-faced men, and was probably intended to supply drafts for Morocco. There is a fortress outside Jaca which would have delighted the heart of Uncle Toby, for it is built according to the best traditions of the eighteenth century with glacis, ditches, and counterscarps. How it survived the Peninsular War I do not know unless neither side considered it worth defending. *Richard* and I strolled round this interesting antiquity during the afternoon, and I was about to take out a pocket camera in order to photograph the relic when we saw a soldier who, standing afar, was watching us suspiciously. I thought better of my original idea and approaching the man we, by signs, indicated our interest in the crops of corn and alfalfa

which were growing nearby under irrigation. Satisfied as to our innocence he soon left us, and we continued our walk unmolested.

On the whole however, Jaca is of little enough interest and that evening *Richard* found means of inquiring about transportation across the border. *Richard* has a method of conversing by conventionalized sketches which he embellishes with words culled from the phrase-book. By this method then, he learned that although the map marked an international railway through the pass that the line had not yet been completed. Nevertheless there was a series of motorbusses which connected with one another and would take one from Jaca to the French railhead at Bedous.

Our plans necessitated an early start, and, due to a misunderstanding, our hotel failed to provide us with breakfast. Consequently when we reached the end of the first stage we eagerly went in search of refreshment and, it being a chilly morning, we ordered hot chocolate with our rolls. We waited for about ten minutes while the more orthodox guests, who had ordered coffee, were served. At last we were each provided with a small cup of thick brown liquid and a glass of hot milk; each cautiously tasted the chocolate only to find that it was heavily spiced with cinnamon. There was no time to change our order so we rejoined the bus without our meal.

* * *

Within a couple of hours we reached the French customs house. It was a relief, after being virtually deaf to the outside world, once more to hear a tongue with which we had at least a bowing acquaintance. The customs officer made his rounds and amid many protests extracted bottles of brandy or anisette from nearly everybody's baggage. Finally he reached us.

"Tabac, — cigarettes, — alcool?" he repeated. I produced my *bota* half filled with Spanish wine. What was this, a little wine? But that mattered nothing. Blessed country! I remember once at St. Jean a French woman who, as she sipped her liqueur, railed on *Richard* and myself because she presumed that, like all English, we rotted our systems with whiskeys and sodas. Which was abso-

lutely just, and if you know anything of the French you will agree that she was not in the least inconsistent.

But, as this not a sermon, I will refrain from further explanation of the deep wisdom of the lady of St. Jean concerning whiskies and sodas or of the customs official at Urdos who distinguished good red wine from alcohol.

The Personal Element in Room Decoration

BY S. F. BRUCE, (WINTER COURSE)

From the earliest times man seems to have found pleasure and satisfaction in endeavouring to express his individuality through the medium of his immediate surroundings. If the many ways in which man tries thus to give himself in turns of objective things a symbolic identity, either consciously from an impulse perhaps egotistic, or unconsciously from the natural pressure of habit and mental attitude, it is perhaps in the intimate things man collects about him, and in their disposition that we have the truest indication of character.

Looking backward to days before the beginnings of history we see primitive man, the first landlord being yet unborn, scratching on his cave-apartment walls crude picture stories of his exploits in the chase, no doubt finding in his art something of the satisfaction felt by Ulysses after he had decorated the dining room with the corpses of guests who had outstayed their welcome.

We may imagine our artist in the dim light of his cave, compassed about by scattered heaps of bones and smoke blackened stones, mute memorials of past gustatory joys, carving his pictures on his walls — the conscious expression. A

step to right or left and his bare foot touches a bone. To him a home without a bone or two here and there is not worthy of the name; his suffering them to lie there, an unconscious appreciation of the reassuring presence of familiar things. Here we draw a parallel; let us see if we have bones in our caves.

"Bones in your caves! Get on with it, man, pull the thing together a little. You commence in a would-be serious vein, make certain sweeping statements suggestive of the fool rushing in where angels would not tread for worlds. You attempt to sound the abysmal depths of a cave-man's subconsciousness, and treat a quite unsuitable subject with the lighthearted abandon of the short-course student about to cover in the three periods of one hour the entire field of physics. Attempt the impossible — try to make it interesting! I suggest that instead of groping in the dim mists of prehistoric times, you commence a little nearer home; in the college students' room, f'r instance."—Ed.

"My idea exactly — coming to that in a moment. Men's business and bosoms, and so on."

"I hope so." —Ed.

On considering the matter, it is pleas-

antly surprising to find, apart from their intended uses, how great a decorative value is hidden in the things we gather about us. Clothes, as a rule, when not in use and lying about the room, are regarded as detracting from the room's appearance, and as a necessary evil, escapable only under South Sea conditions. To the unimaginative, the just-before-lunch prospect of a medley of boots, pyjamas and several newspapers may carry nothing suggestive of a Gobelin Tapestry. To the appreciative, sympathetic eye the group presents a riot of colour, a feast of form, of light and shade that may exert on its owner a spell to hold him from the grosser pleasures of the table. That with the exercise of a little carelessness, the cultivation of a little taste in the artistic handling of drapery and a touch of *joie-de-vivre* in placing and arrangement to give the finished whole an appropriately felicitous note, these humblest of our possessions may transcend the sordid uses of the daily round, is not always at first blush apparent.

To the beauty-seeking eye all is beautiful.

The inventor of the shirt, we imagine, had no doubt more in mind the utility of the article than its value from the standpoint of room decoration. That a few well-chosen shirts might be grouped in artistic confusion on the chairs and beds of a college room, or scattered over the floor like the flowery footprints of Persephone, reaching thus a sort of second sphere of usefulness, we have no doubt never occurred to that estimable gentleman, the inventor. That it did not so strike him is perhaps just as well, or with the natural development of the idea, this garment might now be worn in colors vieing in pitch and intensity with the loudest of present-day ties.

Of all the subtly personal touches made

in room decoration, perhaps the most effective in colour-scheme is the necktie. We hold that the man whose favourite necktie lies in the tongue of his shoe, owns the best decorated room in the college. A tie that at thirty paces will turn litmus paper all the colours of the rainbow achieves in combination with other ties of hues equally vivid, a pitch of usefulness it could never reach while round the neck of its owner; unless — the temperamental might suggest — to strangle him.

Boots, trousers, newspaper, shaving-mugs, beer bottles, pipes, books and tobacco-tins, all have a homely worth in the eyes of the amateur decorator, and to him, although his fellows may have rooms as well done and comfortable, are a warming assurance that his own room is home. They have, in this respect, a value far above that of more ornate but characterless trappings purchasable at the nearest store. If I have occasion, in a friend's absence, to go into his room, I had rather see his trousers in the desk; better still, gracing the floor; or best, in mid-air atop the looking-glass, suspended like Mahomet's coffin, 'twixt earth and heaven,' than have no closer touch with his recent presence than through the impersonal beauty of a Satsuma vase, a Ming Dynasty moustache cup or a rare pennant.

To hark back, then, to our cave man: between bones and boots, charred spits and hockey sticks, the potsherd and the beer-bottle there seems to be, for our purpose, no great dissimilarity. The one and the other, with an eloquence older than words, tell us that we are today very much as we were yesterday, and as we shall be Tomorrow. Forward from now as long an age as we look backward to our cave man, the history book will still have for those who care to read this message between the lines, that though times and manners change, in the intimate, simple

human part of us we are eternally and comfortably the same. This it is that makes it not strange but natural that man is man's most interesting study, for he looks to see where the other man is different. The strange part is that he never tires of finding him the same. Perhaps there is in it something of that selfish comfort of companionship in misfortune; perhaps a gladness that we are all just human, that the God in one or the

Devil in another, leaves, when marking him from the herd, more features than enough for us to claim him as one of us.

* * *

If Louie's aesthetic appreciation of the adornment of college rooms is ever in danger of being more than tempered by practical considerations, it is to be hoped this statement of one aspect of the case will save the day. If not, we may all have to be (hateful word!) tidy.

Cross Verbitis

BY S. W. HETHERINGTON, AGR. '26

She stood upon Ste. Anne's main street,
The snow was falling fast,
The North wind roared,
But she ignored
Its cruel, icy blast.

Came dawn, they took her corpse away,
In death, the maid was grand;
For, all so neat,
She clutched, complete,
A cross-word in her hand.

Thousands were carried away by the Black Death in the Fourteenth century, hundreds of thousands by the influenza epidemic in 1918. In 1924 millions succumbed to the cross-word puzzle bug and were driven into a frenzied state akin to insanity. This most deadly mental affliction has entered family circles in every stratum of society and has been the cause of almost every known kind of domestic trouble. Even our quiet little campus has been invaded and nothing but a trail of confused minds and mutilated newspapers remains.

Well do I remember the night about the first of last month when I strolled into the room of two prominent male members of Mac's student body. In spite of the

fact that the mid-year examinations were barely two weeks away a newspaper was spread before them and I was greeted with, "Say, Stan, what is a four-letter word beginning with 'h' and ending with 'l' that means hot"—but having no dictionary with me I fled, leaving the poor numb-skulls still perplexed. About three hours later I returned to their room and with minds active and eyes wide open they saluted me with, "Say, Stan, what is a five letter word meaning rest? It must begin with 's.' " Again I retreated but this time I went in search of rest and found it — in bed.

A month later I was in the largest city in New England. Alas! In street cars, in hotels, at school, at home and on the

trains, men, women and children of every age and size were biting the ends of their pencils and gazing piously and piteously into the heavens for inspiration. The epidemic was so prevalent that I began to wonder at the interest the public **was taking**. Then and there I determined to get the history of mankind's latest avocation and blessing.

The New York *Jewish Morning Journal* advances the name of a noted Rabbi of the 12th century, Abraham Iber Ezra, as the person who invented the cross-word puzzle. If this claim be true let his name be graven upon imperishable tablets so that posterity may praise it as long as the world lives.

In the 17th century the works of Dom Pochet were published and they contained words set cross-wise or in geometrical figures. However, neither Ezra nor Dom Pochet gave to the world the modern cross-word puzzle. That distinction must be given to Victor H. Lawn who on December 21, 1913, published in "Fun," a supplement of the New York *Sunday World*, the first genuine cross-word puzzle. Lawn got his idea from the London *Graphic*, so we may say that this type of puzzle had a cosmopolitan origin.

Now since you know when and where the subject under discussion had its genesis perhaps it is advisable to suggest the reason why it has taken such a grip upon the public. It is attractive because it satisfies a demand for intellectual adjustment and provides an opportunity for a display of ingenuity. It cultivates the reasoning faculty and trains its exponents in accuracy of thought. Furthermore it trains its followers to think quickly and develop tenacity, perserverance, patience and power of concentration. It is of questionable value in memory training, for it clutters up the mind with a host of useless words. Perhaps these advantages, positive and negative, cause it to act as

a magnet drawing to it all those who have asked themselves "What is an umpteen-letter word that means something I don't know?"

Many prominent educators, though, claim that the cross-word puzzle is an aid to the acquisition of a vocabulary, and a desirable one at that. Others dispute this assertion by pointing out that the vocabulary used is restricted and standardized. This is shown by the fact that in this puzzle the most important river in the world is the Po. The only bird of any value is the ibis, while the goddess Isis is the only deity that counts for much. Romulus and Remus did their bit by concentrating on the Tiber. China helped out by contributing the loa and the tael. The one language worth speaking is the Erse. In Zoology, the emu, gnu and eel rule supreme — the poor crocodile hasn't arrived on the scene yet.

If you are a cross-word puzzle fan you will not admit these limitations and perhaps you are right in taking exception to the claims of its opponents. The pros really have many points in their favour. More than one large university now gives optional courses in crossitis verbitis. The University of West Virginia was the pioneer in this respect. Mount Holyoke has incorporated this form of mental gymnastics into its English course, each member of the Freshman class being required to solve a difficult one and to pass in an original. Our first year men can shout "Thank heavens, McGill hasn't caught the fever!"

High schools have not been immune from the prevailing distemper. Instructors in foreign languages have promoted the efficiency of their department by publishing and using books constructed from their pet language. Impious indeed is the royal road to learning. Cæsar again will build his famous bridge, and "Friends, Romans, Countrymen" will be heard in

the original tongue once more. Perhaps as a stimulant for the study of such languages this diversion will prove a boon to educational efforts.

During the Christmas holiday the University of Colorado kept its library open so that puzzle workers could have the use of the college books for reference purposes. On January 4, 1925, the first inter-collegiate cross-word puzzle contest in the United States, if not in the world, was staged in New York. Old Eli's representatives won in the men's division while Wellesley carried off the prize from her fair rivals. It is interesting to note that Yale won on ENTASIS, a seven-letter word meaning "a slight convex curve in the shaft of a column."

Although the present fad originated in 1913 the craze was arrested by the World War and it did not become prominent until 1923. Since that time it has invaded practically every home on the continent. The history of its conquest of English-speaking America shows that it is the source of tragedy, trouble, comedy, and is also an aid to peace and an incentive to business. It was tragedy when Maggie asked poor Jiggs for a four-letter word meaning "trouble" and Jiggs replied "Wife." It was comedy when a storm on January second made six tramps take shelter in the police tramp cell at Rochester, N. H. "Work" was the only word to stump the hoboes, not one of the sextette could guess the four-letter word meaning "labour."

It was trouble of the civil war variety when the Portland, Maine, husband came home for dinner and found none ready — his wife being lost in the mysteries of a cross-word. Since that day they have had only cross words in their family circle.

It was an aid to a peace that passeth all understanding when a South Boston judge condemned a quarrelsome married

couple to work the daily puzzle in the *Boston American's* thousand dollar contest every day for a month. Before this modern Solomon took his novel method of preserving the peace neighbors complained that the constant crash of dishes and crunch of furniture was slightly disturbing, especially during sleeping hours. Since the imposition of the sentence the only thing thrown by the devoted pair has been the dictionary and in this case Webster's was well bound.

It proved an incentive to business because publishers were among the first to recognize an opportunity for increased sales and lexicons and cross-word puzzle books have been turned out by the thousand. One prominent book company in New England sold more than 25,000 dictionaries last year and the cross-word books take premier place as the best sellers of 1924.

Railways are always willing to do everything possible for convenience of their patrons as shown by the fact that several have installed dictionaries in their observation cars. The Baltimore and Ohio was the first to adopt this scheme and now the enthusiasts can find a six-letter word beginning with "h" meaning where we all hope to go.

But everything is not as rosy as it looks. Cooks puzzle while the bacon burns, emulating Alfred's celebrated feat. Chorus girls miss their cues. Professors forget to attend lectures and students enjoy unlimited freedom. As a result, insurance companies and employment agencies have added the question. "Are you fond of cross-word puzzles?" to the thousand and one on their lists. The person replying in the affirmative gets the door.

The tendency of one or two newspapers to lapse into slang in the construction of these puzzles is to be deplored. The paper that called for a five-letter

word meaning "a kick in the trousers" has set a bad precedent. Although "flask" could be deduced quite easily from the particular arrangement there was no excuse for introducing the vernacular of the school-boy. "A receptacle for holding liquid refreshments" would have been more appropriate and just as expressive and enlightening.

Formerly, love-sick swains and maidens could be distinguished by certain dumb expressions of the face. No longer can they be detected in that manner for the cross-word victim exhibits the same symptoms. No longer can pity be lavished on the man who walks around with a preoccupied air — he may be thinking of some strange word and not some strange girl.

The wool trade and women's styles

have also been affected by the successor to Mah Jongg. Cross-word puzzle stockings made in Paris of Angora wool is the latest covering for milady's dainty feet. Cross-word puzzle armlets are now being offered for sale with dainty pencils to match. Earrings, bobbed hair, and vanity boxes are of secondary importance today. Undoubtedly the R. V. C. and Mac. girls will adopt these most modern embellishments so that they will be considered "quite smart."

In conclusion a word of advice should be apropos. If you wish to enjoy peace of mind avoid the checker-board pattern as you would Mark Twain's "Punch, brother, punch with care, etc!" for if you do not gray hairs will soon be your fate and perhaps a room in Verdun.



A Garden

BY D. B. FOSTER, T.'25

Sweetness, a lichen covered wall of stone,
An olden air of beauty — all unknown
The garden stands — tis old, old; and its flowers
At night, all through the moonlit, dream-filled hours,
Of its heart's secret, and of tales unheard
Whisper, in dew-touched voice and fragrant word.

Narcissi, here and there a violet,
Lanes lined with lilac, the most delicate
And quaintest of old-fashioned flowers— and oh!
The best and dearest — yellow roses, grow.
And moons have risen, and a hundred years
Have blessed the garden with their smiles and tears.

Pine trees with boughs that droop down to the ground
Are background to this daintiness; a sound
Of water comes from a fern-hidden stream
Dark water, wonderful, — a sunny gleam,
An age-old tree and mossy-covered stone,
A thousand summers has this stillness known.

Oh, that our souls like that dear garden were,
Souls full of flowers and of fragrant air
That strength of years, that olden tenderness
The straightness of the pines, their faithfulness
The beauty of the brook, each stone and tree —
God! that our souls like that dear place might be.



Faculty Items

Obituary

MRS. THOMPSON

A great gloom fell upon the College when the sad news spread on January 29th that Mrs. J. G. Thompson had died of meningitis after an operation in Montreal.

Mrs. Thompson (née Ethel Vanstone) was born at Goderich, Ontario, where she attended the High School before proceeding to Loretta Academy, Hamilton, Ontario. After her High School education she took training as a nurse for some time at Roosevelt Hospital, New York.

She has been a resident of the Campus for the last ten years and leaves behind her three boys and one girl, of whom the youngest is only four years old.

Mrs. Thompson, who died in her thirty-second year, was a general favourite in the neighbourhood, a woman of deeply religious feeling, genial in disposition. She had altogether a delightful personality. Her death which occurred under such tragic circumstances, has affected the community very deeply and much sympathy is extended to Mr. Thompson and the four small children.

DR. MILLS

It was with deep regret that we heard of the death of Dr. James Mills at Ottawa, on Dec. 4th. Dr. Harrison and family attended the funeral at Guelph, Ont., Dec. 6th.

Sir Arthur Currie visited the College on December 19th. and while here made special visits to several of the Departments.

Dr. B. Dickson presided at the meetings of the Canadian Plant Pathologists on the occasion of their meeting in the new Botanical Laboratories at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, on Dec. 22-23, 1924. The presidential address was concerned with the history of plant pathology in Canada. In addition Dr.

Dickson gave papers on "Experiments in Oat Smut Control at Macdonald College during 1924" and "Taxonomic Studies of the Organism Causing Black Rot Disease of Potato."

Mr. J. E. Coulson attended the above meetings and read a paper on "Oat Smut Infection in Relation to Size of Grain" which dealt with work done during 1924 by J. E. Coulson and E. A. Lods.

Dr. E. M. Duporte, Mr. T. C. Vanterpool and Miss Margaret Perry attended

the meetings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science held at Washington, D. C., Dec. 29-Jan. 3rd.

Mr. W. A. Maw, addressed the Ottawa Poultry Association on Jan. 8th and the Russel, Ontario, Poultry Association on Jan. 15th, on the subject of "The Economy of Standard Type in Fowl — Why it Should be Preserved."

Mr. W. A. Maw attended the annual executive meeting of the Quebec Provincial Poultry Association, at Quebec on Jan. 23-24th.

On Nov. 18th, Principal Harrison and Mr. Thos. Sharp of the Wm. C. Macdonald Regtd., presented the Macdonald Livestock Trophy at the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair, at Toronto. The team from the University of Alberta were the winners.

The officers of the Macdonald College Local of the Canadian Society of Technical Agriculturists for the current year are: Dr. J. F. Snell, President; Mr. A. R. Ness, Vice-president; and Mr. E. A. Lods, Secretary-Treasurer. Prof. Barton is serving his second term as President of the Society.

The Macdonald College local branch of the C. S. T. A. contemplate holding their annual meeting at Macdonald College, February 19-20th.

Dr. J. F. Snell is Secretary of the Quebec Section of the Canadian Institute of Chemistry.

Mr. S. C. Robinson, B. S. A., former Assistant in Chemistry, is now a Research Assistant in the Laboratories of the Parke-Davis Company, Detroit.

Mr. W. A. DeLong, M. S., Assistant in Chemistry was awarded second prize in the Chilean Nitrate Committee's essay contest, open to members of the Canadian

Society of Technical Agriculturists.

Prof. Barton, Messrs. L. C. Raymond, L. G. Heimpel, Misses Jarvis and Poole, assisted in putting on the Short courses at Lennoxville, Que., January, 6-7-8.

The many friends of Miss Agnes McCredie, former teacher in the Macdonald High School, will be glad to hear that she has received the degree of B. A. with honors from Queen's University, and that she is now taking Post Graduate work at Toronto University.

Dr. A. MacTaggart and Miss Bessie Sinclair Crawford were married at Ottawa on New Year's Eve.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Ness announce the arrival of a son, on Dec. 30th.

We are sorry to note that Prof. Lochhead has been confined to his home during the month of January with a slight illness.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McOuat visited friends on the campus during the Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Taylor of Ottawa are being congratulated on the arrival of a daughter on Jan. 13th.

Miss A. M. Zollman, formerly in charge of the department of Textiles and Clothing in the School of Household Science, is this year at Greensburg, S. C., where she is supervisor of methods in Household Arts at the State Normal School.

Several members of the staff have enjoyed a course of lectures on "Current Literature and Drama" given by Miss Foley of Montreal to a group of members of the Ste. Anne Women's Club. Beginning with Bernard Shaw's "St. Joan" and ending with Huxingtree's "Konyetz." The whole series of eight lectures on varying topics was most interesting.

Our Wider Interest

EDITOR—GEORGE E. HUNT.

Before presenting the following article for publication, Mr. Hempson, of Agriculture '25, has spent considerable time and thought in gathering the necessary material. Though of a nature slightly more serious than is that of the articles usually found in this section, the paper is certainly a thought-provoking one, and one which might serve as a worthy topic for class-room discussion.

Editor's Note.

ENGLISH WORDS

In the dim dawn of history, there roamed through British heath and woodland the uncouth and half-clad tribes of Ancient Britons. In the rich tapestry of other languages theirs still gleams at the surface in such words as Eisteddfod and slogan, clan and colleen.

To their bewilderment, these wild tribes suddenly had to face an invasion of Romans. The Roman legions were cruel and conquering, equipped and trained by master-minds of war. Skirmish followed murderous skirmish. The wild men of Britain were forced to give way, step by step, before the irresistible Roman fighting machine; soon the island was forced under the rule of Rome. Naturally, then, from the Romans there came into the language such words as expel, province, subjugate, captive and emperor. In conquest these Romans possessed the characteristics of stern wisdom, which explains our possession of such words as just, legal, and judge. It is small wonder that a people of such vigorous ability superimposed their language upon the original

Celtic, which dropped almost entirely from use in their territory.

When Roman strength and steel was withdrawn, Vortigern, a British prince, sought Saxon aid from across the Channel to control the savagery of the Picts and Scots. Invited Saxons were followed by uninvited Saxon hordes: Saxon ally became conquering enemy, and eastern Britain became Saxon territory. Though warlike, these Saxons were an agricultural and a home-building people, such words we have of theirs as ox, sheep, house and home, hearth, woman, and wife.

The Vikings, or Danish and Scandinavian sea-rovers, swooped frequently upon the coast of Saxon England; — small bands of violent, determined adventurers, with impetuous daring and whirlwind suddenness, — hard to resist. Where they were repeatedly successful, they established colonies: and from these colonies of men, hardened to sea-life and danger, came such words as gale, rive, whirl.

The Normans followed the Saxons as more victorious invaders. The Normans were by natural gifts rulers of men, — a warlike and a dominant race, able to gain and retain power, courageous, capable and chivalrous. Their influence inserted into the language such dignified words as sovereign, realm, courtesy, prince, castle and palace; such virile words as chivalry, tournament, and the chase: and they introduced and vigorously applied such menial words as villain, servant and retainer.

In the 12th century the Crusaders drew

from England eastward a succession of adventurous armies; and those veterans who returned introduced many Oriental words. So came into the language, emir, ghou!; such typically Arabic words as algebra, almanack, cypher, elixir; while such words as miscreant and assassin owed their inception entirely to frequent application during the violent thoughts of Oriental warfare.

Three centuries later, immediately following the Turkish capture of Constantinople occurred the Renaissance, a new birth of classical arts and study: and this new enthusiasm, evoking a mighty force of thought, forged mighty chains of new ideas. To express these, new words rapidly appeared. It is to this zeal for classical study, and its contemporary thought, that we owe such words as synod, theology, oligarchy, geography and economy.

Two centuries later, when King Louis XIV of France caused the Edict of Nantes to be revoked, a host of Huguenots fled across the Channel. They brought with them memories of days of turmoil, hardships and misery. With them came to us such mediaeval French words as trudge, baton, and riot.

Many more French refugees arrived in England during the Revolutionary years of 1791 and 1792. Among these came a great number of the aristocrats of France: seeking safety from hatred and violence which had defied control. These fugitives were luxury-loving and arrogant.

Such words of theirs as champagne, etiquette, fauteuil, flunkey, and valet were readily adopted by the contemporary English leisured class, who extended hospitality to these once conspicuous gentry, whom they admired and readily imitated.

And finally, after the establishment of the House of Hanover, came a few German words: as landau and waltz.

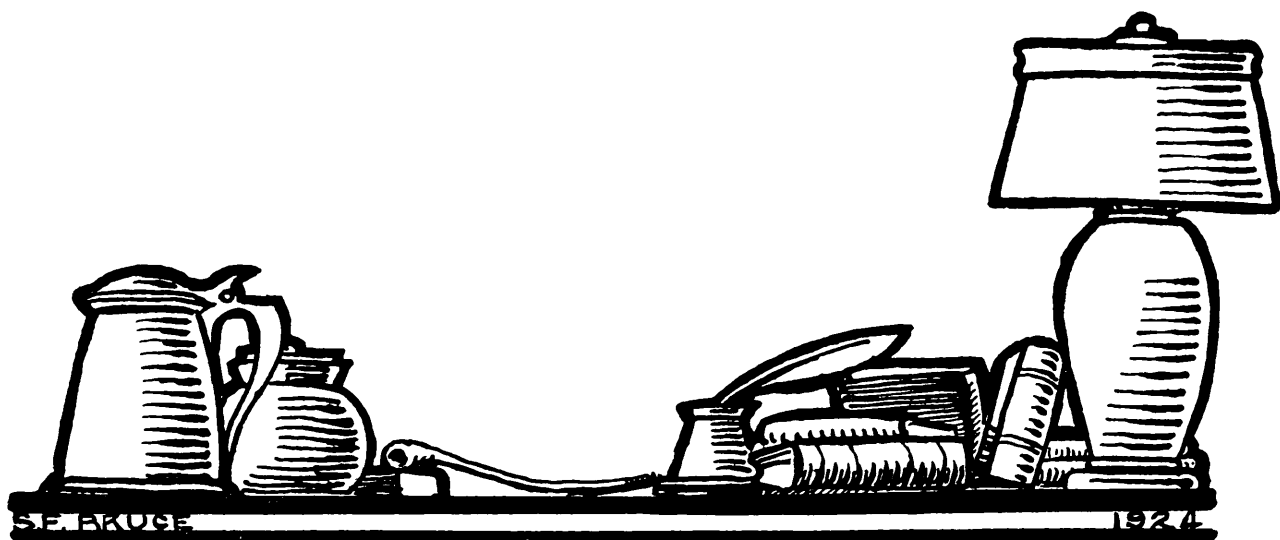
Then, by wide activities in history's more pleacful paths, very many foreign and new words have been woven into the language. Returning travellers brought with them such words as bangle, gong, bantam, mammoth, tomahawk, potato and jaguar. From the names of men who arrested scientific or popular attention came such words as derrick, dahlia, fuschia, galvanic, mesmerize, pasteurize, boycott and zeppelin. New associations found expression in such words as dreadnought, bluejacket, airman and marconigram. And the restless spirit of invention has become responsible for such modern words as radio, submarine, aeroplane, automobile, kodak, escalator and telephone.

Down through the dim ages, upon a framework from royal Roman and knightly Norman, colored with eastern romance, bejewelled with words from Grecian scholar and Saxon sage, has come to us a language of Empire builders.

As a story of wild warfare: of adventurous courage: of powerful scholarship and brilliant invention it has no rival.

J. Amis Hempson.





Under The Desk Lamp

MAGAZINE COMPETITION, VOL. XV, NO. I.

The Magazine Prize has been awarded by the judges to S. M. Walford for his article entitled "T.B." C.S. Rackstraw has been honourably commended "The Awakening of the Wilderness."

Dear Mr. Editor:—

As I am a student at Macdonald College may I address this letter to you instead of to Margaret Currie?

I attend the Saturday night dances regularly but being of a retiring nature, I have met very few men at the College. When I go to the dances, (I always go before the music begins) I am at a loss to know what to do. Why do the men sit on one side of the wall and the girls sit on the other? If I go to the men's side of the gymnasium people will think that I am forward but if I take a seat at the opposite wall I become one of many and lose my individuality. Things seem to be wrong.

Last week I went to a "sing song". I carried my new book but no one else carried one. I felt I had done wrong. After the "sing song" I went down to the dining room expecting refreshments, but didn't find any. Do they not serve them after each "sing song" Mr. Editor?

I was very happy last week when I

heard that one of the men's classes was giving a dance for the girls but even that seemed to go wrong.

Would you please print this letter in your column. I long for companionship of the opposite sex and having very little success in meeting the men at the College I would like through your magazine to correspond with some one who could understand me.

I have soft brown hair. Do you think green would suit me?

Yours humbly

Brownie.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Frequently it has been brought to our notice that the students of Macdonald College are not vested with that responsibility granted those of other Universities. We search our minds in vain for any adequate reason for such a deplorable condition. Are the powers that be at Macdonald such followers of Sir James Barrie as to believe that the students are all Peter Pans who will never grow up? Or, have

the one-time privileges at this college been so abused by irresponsible residents, that succeeding generations must suffer for past misdemeanors. Another reason suggests itself as so improbable as to barely mention. Can the students at Macdonald College be inferior to the extent that they are not able to assume responsibility or to independently regulate their college activities?

In reply to the first question we are willing to concede a place to Barrie's beautiful fancy, but believe that in such a college as this, where students are being trained to take their place in worthy professions, a sense of responsibility must be fostered and developed.

Secondly, unless the students of the present are responsible for troublesome times their opportunities should not be curtailed. Is it fair to make the innocent suffer for the guilty?

And lastly, we refuse to believe that students of this college are unfitted in any way to regulate their own activities.

The School of Agriculture—a four-year college course—is sending our every year well-trained men equipped to fill responsible positions in Canada.

The School of Household Science is not only training women for professional life as teachers, dietitians, etc., but also for that most important role of all—Home-making.

The School for Teachers is rendering untold service to the province. Every year over a hundred young men and women are going out to teach children, and this great work requires most dependable people with the keenest sense of responsibility.

Surely, the aims of these three great student bodies are sufficiently worthy to allay any insinuations that Macdonald students are inferior or irresponsible.

It is conceded by all that University life is but a preparation for citizenship.

A college course should not consist merely of rules, regulations, studies and examinations. Training in student government, social and athletic activities gives those who officiate invaluable experience for after life.

Are the student bodies at this college allowed independently to administer their activities?

Is the Students' Council comparable to the Students' Council at McGill or does it merely carry out pre-arranged schedules?

To what extent are social activities allowed outside the formally arranged programme for the year (*i. e.*) the three formal dances and the weekly two hour Saturday night dance?

Do the authorities realize that in the village of Ste. Anne we are isolated from urban entertainment and must "take our fun where we find it."

As a mere example of the curtailment of our activities we might mention the following.

A few weeks before Christmas, Agriculture '25 desired to entertain the Senior girls at a small party to be given in the College—a custom common in all Canadian Universities. Unhappily, permission to have this class party in the College was not granted. Prompted by a desire to strengthen class spirit the Senior men arranged to have the party in the Parish Hall and formally invited the Senior Science classes to attend, assuming that twelve o'clock leave would be granted. Unfortunately, the students had mistaken the regulation regarding twelve o'clock leave, which, according to the letter of the law is only granted to go to a private home in Ste. Anne or to the home of one of the staff. This means that we are dependent on the staff for our entertainment—a condition unfair to both staff and students. The staff have on many occasions graciously opened their homes

for the entertainment of different classes, but is it right to hold them to such duties when the number of students is so great? Is there any adequate reason that the classes could not independently arrange their own class social activities and hold them in the college?

Class activities serve to strengthen col-

lege spirit upon which a strong alumni depends.

A strong alumni means a strong college.

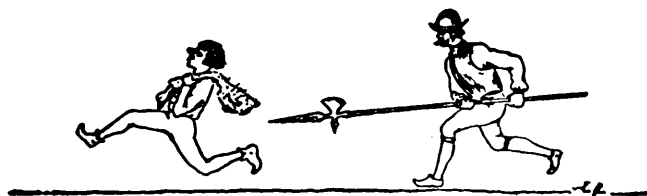
A. B. C.

D. E. F.

G. H. I.

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1. Whenever possible copy should be typewritten; when this is not possible, a large, clear, handwriting should be adopted.
2. All copy should be written (or typed) upon *one* side of the paper *only*. An ample margin should be left at the top and bottom and on either side of the page. Double spacing should be adopted — that is to say, alternate lines should be left blank.
3. The pages of the manuscript should be pinned together in the top left-hand corner and then folded lengthwise with the writing inside. On the outside of the folded manuscript—that is to say, on the back of the last page — the author should write his or her name together with the title of the “story” and a rough estimate of the number of words.
4. All words liable to be misread — *e. g.*, proper names, foreign phrases, etc., — should be written in **BLOCK CAPITALS**.
5. Attention is to be paid to mechanical correctness, punctuation and spelling. In order to secure uniformity throughout the magazine, the English form of spelling should be used. — That is to say, the forms “thru,” “askt,” “favor” for “through,” “asked,” and “favour” are to be avoided.
6. Authors who desire their copy to be returned to them after the publication of the magazine should add a note to that effect on the outside of the manuscript. The Editor will not be responsible for manuscripts not so labelled.
7. Contributors are reminded that the printers are allowed no discretion — authors’ mistakes which are unnoticed by the Editor *will appear in the Magazine*.

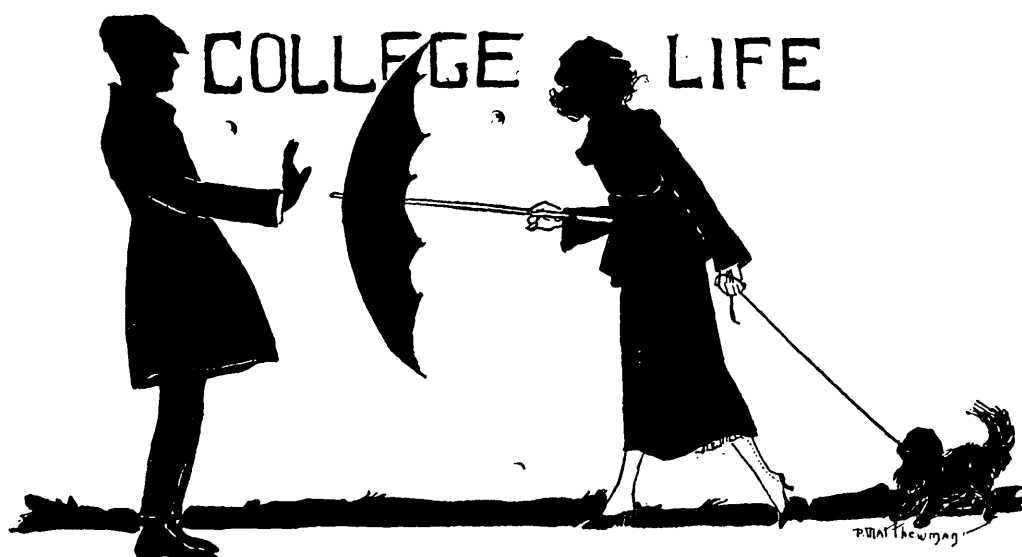




The Retiring Magazine Board.



The Winter Course



Founder's Day

For the first time in the history of Macdonald Founder's Day Celebrations were held on February 10th, 1925. The occasion was the ninety-fourth anniversary of the birth of Sir William Macdonald our Founder and Benefactor.

Instead of afternoon classes, a short ceremony was held in the Assembly Hall which was attended by a number of those connected with the college, as well as nearly the whole Student Body. Shortly after two o'clock the members of the Staff appeared in procession, their hoods and the gowns of the doctors adding a touch of colour to the Hall.

The programme, though unconventional, was such as one felt that Sir William himself would have appreciated; as is fitting we commenced by singing "O Canada," which was followed by "Loch Lomond" and "Annie Laurie" in honour of the Founder's ancestry. The musical portion of the programme completed, Dr. Harrison rose to address the Student Body.

Born on February 10th, 1831, Sir William Macdonald, he said, came of high lineage. His grandfather, The Macdonald of Glenaladale had risked and lost every-

thing in the cause of the Stuarts and had finally founded the Scottish community in Prince Edward Island where Sir William was born and reared. The attachment which the grandfather had given to the cause of the Stuarts was reflected in the grandson's devotion to duty. There was a letter extant in which the future benefactor in applying for his first situation undertook, above all things, to do his duty.

Dr. Harrison recounted a number of personal reminiscences of the Founder, whom he first met at Guelph on the occasion of the founding of the Macdonald Hall for students in Household Science. When Macdonald College came into being, both during its construction and after its completion, Dr. Harrison was in close contact with Sir William and he recalled in his speech many incidents illustrative of the man's character and habits. It was commonly said that Sir William had been an atheist, said Dr. Harrison, but this was contrary to his own opinion and experience. Although he had belonged to no church, the Founder had had a deep reverence for God as He is manifested in the works of nature and like Abou Ben Adhem in Leigh Hunt's poem Sir William

had proved his love for his Deity by his services to his fellow men.

* * *

Though Founder's Day may be an innovation, Mdlle. Jean is an old friend at Macdonald. Those who had heard her in previous years knew the treat which was in store for them when it was announced that she would return this year to give a recital on Founder's Day.

Mdlle. Jean's programme was as follows:

'Cello	<i>Variations Symphonique</i>	Boellman
Songs at the Harp	<i>Si mes vers</i>	Hahn
	<i>L'heure exquise</i>	Hahn
	<i>La Neige</i>	Bemberg
	<i>La Maison grise (Fortunis)</i>	
		Messenger
	<i>Aime Moi</i>	Bembay
'Cello	<i>..Dans la douceur des pins</i>	Jongens
	<i>Villanelle</i>	Pianelli
	<i>Rhapsodie</i>	Popper
Songs at the Harp	<i>Down in the Forest</i>	Ranald

On Wings of Song Mendelssohn
Gironette Sibella

As one of the evening's speakers said, it would be impossible to decide whether Mdlle. Jean is more delightful as a 'cellist, harpist or vocalist. It might be added that individual taste could be the only guide for one who would select any single number for special commendation. The audience in the Assembly Hall applauded every one of Mdlle. Jean's renderings with equal enthusiasm.

The harp is so little seen now-a-days, that a generation has grown up which is apt to regard it as the peculiar property of romantic Victorians with pretty hands and a *flaire* for Tom Moore. At Macdonald at least there is no excuse for such an heresy. Mdlle. Jean's voice blends so exquisitely with the tone of her instrument that it is hard to realize that each can have an identity independent of the other.

Dr. Harrison in a short speech moved a vote of thanks to Mdlle. Jean which was seconded by Mr. George Wright on behalf of Ste. Anne.

Dramatic Notes

On Saturday, Dec. 6th, two plays were produced under the auspices of the Literary Society, the performance being witnessed by a large and enthusiastic audience. The first play, "Where but in America," by Oscar M. Wolff, was a somewhat enigmatical comedy, whose point, if it had one, was obscured by a number of smaller points, so that, in effect, there was really no point at all. One felt, when the curtain fell that things were still very much in the air, and that further developments would have been of interest. That, of course would be a great merit in a serial photoplay, but it

is hardly quite the thing in a one-act drama. However, the play gave us a vivid picture of the home life of an American husband and his American wife, and revealed the startling fact that the main use of a domestic servant is to provide a suitable topic of conversation for the family. The American wife was played by Miss Murdock with confidence and vivacity. Her acrimonious vindictiveness was born with truly admirable good-nature by her easy going young husband (Brooks Hamilton). Mr. Hamilton had that air of philosophic *insouciance* that is usually associated with the

model husband, and one could not help suspecting that, in his attitude towards his wife, he was making the best of a bad job, though he himself would have been the last to admit it. The maid, (Miss Foster) was quite a charming character study, and was really a very pleasant contrast to the wife. One felt, however, that for such a maid to be servant to such a mistress was all wrong, though that was not the playwright's fault, but rather should be laid at the door of "Democracy."

In the second play, "The Boor," we immediately recognized the work of a master. Tchekov's brilliant dialogue and easy handling of dramatic situations were unmistakable even in a translation. Our criticism of the first play, — that the ending was unsatisfactory — certainly does not apply to this one. The curtain descended upon the heroine clasped in the hero's arms, and once that supreme moment has arrived, the audience, as in *Bridge*, has no further interest. The heroine, a faithful, but alas, still susceptible, young widow, was played by Miss Farrell. Miss Farrell gave us a very lifelike interpretation of a very difficult character. She ran with ease over the gamut of feminine emotions, and her love and hate, her anger and tenderness, shaded into one another with a delicacy that was real art. That she could be won by the blustering, bullying, "Boor" (Steve Ward) was the great tragic note in the comedy. The play is only a comedy because Tchekov callously forces us to laugh at the tragedy of it. Most Russian comedies are like that. Steve Ward acted with a dash and an individuality that fully justifies our writing "Boor" in inverted commas, — a justification that is very essential, seeing that he carries off the heroine. The aged servant was admirably interpreted by Herbert Angell. His was a little masterpiece of character

impersonation, and added much to the exotic setting of the play. Costumes and properties were appropriate and original, and everyone agreed that on the whole it was a most enjoyable performance.

The Literary Society gave a second performance on Saturday Jan. 31st. The two plays were "Modesty" by Paul Herveu, and Lady Gregory's "Hyacinth Halvey." The first was so poor a play that the cast is to be highly commended for its valiant attempt to "get it across." The importance of selecting good plays cannot be too strongly emphasized. *Henriette* (Miss Duval) was apparently so weary of incessant admiration and flattery that she preferred a man who would analyze and criticise her. *Albert* (Mr. St. Marie) thinking to win favour with her, threw all her faults in her face, but he very soon discovered that telling the truth is a practice "more honoured in the breach than th' observance," whereupon he retired discomfited leaving his rival, the flatterer *Jacques* (Mr. H. Marshall) in full possession of the field. Miss Duval was charming, but one would have liked a little more of the coquette in the character of *Henriette*. The two lovers could have put a little more fire and energy into their acting. They gave one the impression that really they were only experimental lovers, after all.

"Hyacinth Halvey" gave us all a very hearty laugh. What it lacked was uniformity and team work. In spots it soared to heights of perfection, and in others it fell to low levels of mediocrity. Mr. Ford as *James Quirke* revealed an innate talent that he would do well to cultivate. He had a very living conception of the character, and from curtain rise to curtain fall *James Quirke* did not allow the Ford inside him to show through. Miss Beard gave us another vivid character as *Mrs. Delaine*. These two had some delightful passages together. Her part was

perhaps a little overdone, a little overacted. She would have done better had she not tried quite so hard to get that strong Irish accent. *Hyacinth* himself (Mr. Fogerty) was too anaemic, and lacked that vivacity and individuality that should have made him the outstanding

character in the play. The other members of the cast were: Miss McDermot (*Miss Joyce*), Miss Cummings, (*Fardy Farrell*) Mr. Fishburne (*Sergeant Carden*). Their parts were well acted, but showed a lack of that mute team work that gives a background to the play.

Freshman — Sophomore Debate

At six fifty-one o'clock, on the evening of Friday, November 14, the President of the Literary and Debating Society was seated in the Macdonald College Assembly Hall before a representative "Mac." gathering. With the activities of the evening scheduled to begin six minutes earlier he was feeling rather fidgety when the arrival of a tardy Judge restored his customary equanimity. Then rising to the importance of the occasion he, with great dignity and precision, announced that the Sophs were about to engage the Frosh in their annual debate and that the subject of the debate was "Resolved that Capital Punishment should be abolished."

After the usual preliminaries the two teams were invited to take seats on the platform. The supporters of the affirmative proved to be Dawson and Bynoe of the First Year, while Shaw and Bennett, upheld the negative for the Second Year.

Although a time-worn expression was debated the speakers injected enough humour and life into their addresses to cause the audience to wish, when the affirmative were speaking, that the negative would escape with life imprisonment, and, when the negative had the floor, that the affirmative would receive either the rope, the electric chair, the axe, or all three.

After out-lining the debate, Dawson, the leader of the affirmative showed that

the design of punishment; namely, reformation of the criminal, retribution, and prevention of crime, was not satisfied by capital punishment. Life imprisonment was proposed as the proper substitute.

Shaw, captain of the opposing team, advanced as the negative's platform: That capital punishment was permissible, was expedient and that there are no real objections to it.

The affirmative's seconder, Bynoe, gave evidence of a complete mastery of the Scriptures, a notable achievement for one so young. He did not limit his arguments, however, to Biblical quotations but supported his cause by showing that capital punishment, a relic of barbarism, has no place in civilized life.

The best speaker of the evening was discovered in the person of Ralph Bennett, the second speaker of the negative. Mr. Bennett ably up-held the thesis advanced by his leader and also refuted most of the points advanced by his opponents.

In his rebuttal the leader of the affirmative replied well to the arguments brought forward by the Second Year men and created a still more favorable impression for his side.

While the Judges were coming to a decision in a retired section of the building several local artists entertained the gathering with songs and music.

Dr. Harrison as chairman of the judges gave the decision in favor of the Sophomores who have thus qualified for the final debate for the Robertson Shield.

Graduate Club

Undergraduate students have been privileged to attend two lectures given under the auspices of the Graduate Club.

On Wednesday, January 21st, Professor Ramsay Traquair, Professor of Architecture in McGill University delivered an address on the subject of "Ancient Dress." Garments, according to Prof. Traquair might be classed in two grand divisions — those which were cut to fit the wearer and those which were draped. It was to the latter group that all classical dress belonged. The Greek tunic he went on to explain was, essentially, a rectangular piece of cloth provided, at the most with only a single seam. The method of draping the tunic he illustrated by means of a living model whom he clothed in a replica of the ancient garment. Fashion and taste were expressed by the arrangement of the folds and also by such devices as girdling. Ancient feminine dress differed little in its essential features from male dress said Prof. Traquair and, paradoxically enough, the Oriental trousers were held effeminate by the Greeks.

The speaker corrected the mistaken idea that the Greeks wore the toga. On the contrary, he said, the Romans themselves early discarded that clumsy garment for all save ceremonial occasions and adopted the more convenient dress of Greece. Archaeologists, he confessed, disagreed as to the precise method of draping the toga. Nevertheless, he gave a demonstration on the model, using an enormous semi-circular sheet of cloth whose dimensions he stated fell considerably short of those of the original toga.

An interesting side issue was the lec-

turer's attitude towards modern dress, which he styled inconvenient, expensive and hideous. To the sculptor, he said, the frock-coated celebrity presented an insoluble proposition. Although there was some hope for women's fashions, Prof. Traquair could not perceive the faintest glimmer of a more enlightened dawn for men.

Question time proved amusing and, in particular, Mr. Quayle's chivalrous attack on the lecturer's estimation of the relative beauty of the male and female form won universal applause.

On Wednesday, February 11th, Dr. Ritchie, Principal of the Congregational College of McGill delivered an address on Shaw's *St. Joan*. Enumerating the various literary estimations of the Maid which had preceded Shaw's play, Dr. Ritchie alluded to the works of Andrew Lang, Mark Twain and Anatole France in their respective countries. So far as Joan's *voices* were concerned, he agreed with Shaw, that her own convictions were so deep that they led her actually to believe that she had heard angels summoning her to the aid of France. Consequently, even ignoring the supernatural, the existence of Joan's *voices* might be taken as a matter of fact. Dr. Ritchie emphasized the personal magnetism of the Maid both for men and animals, and cited a parallel case within his personal experience. Shaw's estimate of Joan as the first Protestant and Nationalist was also discussed. The most notable point in which Dr. Ritchie disagrees with Shaw's presentation is that he refuses to accept a Joan so utterly devoid of romance. The lecture was the more interesting because Dr. Ritchie is himself acquainted with the scenes of Joan's life and death.

Question time developed into a controversy regarding the character of Shaw rather than that of the Maid. One Scotsman, in particular, delighted the audience

by dismissing the playwright with a crushing "After all the man's Irish" which reminded one of Wellington's sole recorded statement as to Napoleon's character "Damme, the fellow wasn't a gentleman!"

Hobo Party

The Social Activities Committee gave us a most enjoyable "Hobo Party" in the Women's Gymnasium during December. It went to considerable trouble to make the event a success and we are safe in saying it was most successful.

About 7:30 the "Hobos" began to congregate. For a few minutes everybody had difficulty in adapting themselves to the new surroundings but after the Grand March, people began to recognize one another and the party proceeded.

Costumes were varied to say the least. The Poultry department lent several pairs of overalls and the Rugby Club, stockings and sweaters, while the Potato Patch provided a few sacks. Some of the dancers went farther afield however, and gathered together costumes that gave the dance a "fancy dress" effect. There were plain, common hobos, clown hobos, senorita hobos and even a parson hobo.

About the middle of the evening the judges congregated in the centre of the floor and tried to pick four prize winners. The task they allowed to be imposed on them was evidently not an easy one, as they took considerable time to reach a decision. Finally they announced Misses Hamilton, and Thorne as prize winners among the ladies. Miss Hamilton's dress was quite beyond description and Miss Thorne was a hobo. Among the men Harvest and Henry were chosen, both being hobos. The prizes were then presented and passed around.

Towards the close of the evening an effort was made to take a flashlight of

everybody. This was not hard for obvious reasons.

By the time the last dance was announced everybody seemed sorry to leave their hobo days behind. The evening was brought to a close with God Save the King, and all evidently thought the party a success, and a little more than the usual Saturday night entertainment.

The aftermath was more amusing than the dance itself. It took considerable time for the hobos to discard their beloved dress and manners, but strange to say the negro element was cleaned up first.

"XMAS CHEER" TEA

The week before the Xmas holidays was a very busy one for the Household Science students. On Saturday December 13th, a "Xmas Cheer" Tea was held under the auspices of the Home Economics Club. Dr. Harrison very kindly consented to open the Tea at 4 o'clock. The Tea Room was artistically decorated for the festive season. In addition to the Tea Room there was a home cooking and candy table. Fortune tellers were in attendance, so that many of the guests learnt, in some cases much to their sorrow, what their fate was to be.

We are indebted to the boys for their assistance. Due to their efforts and one of our club members, we were able to partake of our food, to the sweet strains of music.

Our proceeds were most gratifying. We remitted seventy-five dollars to the Diet Dispensary, of which Miss Garvock, one of our ex-students, is director. In addition we sent her a bale of warm clothing a few days before Xmas. We have had letters from Miss Garvock as well as the Treasurer of the Dispensary expressing their appreciation of our efforts. The Treasurer stated the money was used to

provide Xmas dinners to those who otherwise would have had to go without. Thirty-five dollars was also sent to the Protestant House of Industry and Refuge, Montreal for the purpose of bringing a Xmas message to the "Old Folks."

We are indeed indebted to the members of the Staff, our friends in Ste. Anne and Montreal, and to the student body for their hearty co-operation.

G. Taylor, B. H. S. '25.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

La troisième assemblée sociale du Cercle Français eut lieu le quatre décembre 1924.

La présidente étant absente, Mademoiselle Lemoine, vice-Présidente, occupa la chaise.

Au court de l'assemblée on eut quelques chants tels que: 'Frères Jacques,' 'A la Claire Fontaine,' 'Il Etait une Bergère.' Mademoiselle Fuller a bien voulu égayer le cercle par un magnifique morceau de

violon, Mademoiselle Lewthwaite accompagnant au piano. Monsieur Ste Marie fit aussi sa part. Ses chansons sont toujours bien appréciés. "Le Corbeau et le Renard" eut une nouvelle signification après la bonne lecture de Monsieur Rackstraw. Il y eut aussi quelques jeux et charades.

L'évènement principal du programme était "La Première Scène du Médecin Malgré Lui," donné par Mesdemoiselles Lapointe et Lemoine. C'était intéressant de voir comment Sganarelle traite cette pauvre Martine. Espérons qu'à son tour elle saura remettre les coups de bâtons que son mari osa lui donner.

Cette petite pièce fut beaucoup appréciée et nous espérons avoir le plaisir de revoir ces caractères sur la scène.

La réunion se termina par "La Marseillaise" et 'Dieu Sauve le Roi.'

La prochaine soirée familière aura lieu sous peu. Allons amis de la langue française réunissons nous, en gardant devant nous le motto: "Ici On Parle Français."



Des finances fondées sur une bonne agriculture ne se détruisent jamais.

Napoléon.



Looking For Chickens In The Bay State

EDWARD K. WILLIAMS, AGR. '23

Bright and early on the morning of May 22, 1924, having arisen and partaken of a hearty breakfast, for Spring was in the air, I hastened from the poultry farm at the top of "Lovers' Lane" to the campus of Massachusetts Agricultural College. At 7:30 the Poultry Option, consisting of about forty persons, were settled in anything from a Royal Blue Cadillac Eight to a rickety Ford of doubtful vintage, ready for a 375 mile tour of the Bay State. We were cheerfully bidden good-bye by those who had just breakfasted at the Draper Hash-house and started toward South Hadley.

Driving through the Notch, a dangerous, steep, curving road over wooded hills between South Hadley and Amherst, we arrived at The Orchards. This is a large fruit, dairy, and poultry farm owned by a wealthy Holyoke silk manufacturer, and our guide, who seemed to know everyone in the state, introduced the leaders of our party to the manager. We then looked over 800 Rhode Island Red hens—seeing many points of interest, several members of the party asked questions and all too soon we were summoned to the cars by a shrill note from a toy whistle which our guide always had ready to blow upon, and upon which he played quite frequently. Everyone then gather-

ed in a circle and for the benefit of our host, yelled the following: MASS, MASS, MASS—CHU-SETTS; Rah, Rah, Rah; MASS—A—CHUSETTS, MASS—A—CHUSETTS, MASS — A CHUSETTS, MELLEEN, MELLEEN, MELLEEN.

The above is the general procedure which took place at the 35 plants which we had the pleasure of visiting during our three day tour. The flocks we saw ranged from 800 to over 30,000 birds.

The next farm we came to was owned by a man who had spent the greater part of his life in New York City, as evidenced by his pronunciation of the word "foist." After the writer had worked with and seen nothing but Rhode Island Reds for a period of ten months it was a great treat to see such birds as White Leghorns and Plymouth Rocks. There were about 1,000 of the former at this place, together with twice as many chicks. The houses were long, low, shed-like structures, possessing a minimum of inside equipment, including dirt floors — the man was doing well too. The range land was clay planted to apple trees which were four years old at the time.

Probably the most outstanding proposition of its kind in that section of the country (about 35 miles east of Amherst, which is 100 miles west of Boston)

was the farm we next saw. It consists of five acres, four of which are planted to small fruits and one of which is reserved for a flock of 1,000 Barred Plymouth Rock hens, and all the chicks necessary to replace the old stock, about 1,200 at that time. The management of the baby chicks is quite unique, they are housed in a cheaply constructed continuous brooder seven feet deep divided into pens nine feet wide, each containing a brooder stove, water and skim milk fountains, and feed hoppers. The walls are lined with Beaver Board to a height of thirty inches — this is to make their quarters draftproof — and the runs from each pen are set diagonally in relation to the house and contain 400 square feet per pen. The ranges are plowed once a week, a small tractor outfit, which may easily be handled by a boy, being used. Lime is applied to the range soil at frequent intervals. The proprietor has had great success for over five years and attributes it to cleanliness and the provision of sufficient exercise for all the birds in his flock. To induce his feathered babies to take their physical jerks he keeps them well nourished but always slightly hungry, so that several times a day when a piece of stale bread about the size of a walnut, is thrown to them they go after it with avidity and with the direct result that each chick struggles for its share of the tasty morsel. Several “stale” loaves are bought purposely each time the baker calls. No weak, undersized, or “off-type” chicks are kept there, for as soon as they are discovered they are removed to a special pen to be sold for meat.

The morning spent, we stopped at a roadside inn and partook of lunch and in less than an hour we were proceeding to Marlboro, and another Leghorn farm. The orchards were in full bloom and for a moment several boys were seen to look

at them as if imagining the trees to be laden with luscious New England apples. Time is short and we have heard the little whistle, so we find ourselves led into a room which might be called the poison chamber, for in it are the materials and equipment for spraying the many fruit trees that we have just been admiring. But what is this? There are about a thousand lusty voiced, creamy white baby chicks, just like the kiddies dream about and see at Easter time. They are in a combination brooder house and apple packing room. It does make an admirable brooder, set with three stoves, wire partitions and the walls nicely white-washed, the concrete floor being covered with clean planer shavings.

It is not long since these babies have been fed, none of them are over two weeks old, and they are making the shavings fly many times their length as they scratch in the dry litter in search of the tiny bits of grain. Now, prepare to smile, for the boss has come in with a large raw potato in one hand and a small knife in the other and is about to show us how he keeps his babies in good health. Cutting off a piece of the potato about the size of your little finger he threw it into the first pen, containing chicks but four days old, and they pounced upon it with avidity and were soon struggling with all their baby strength for a share of the juicy tid-bit. They are full of life, growing well but always hungry, for so it goes, each man has some little bag of tricks by means of which he claims he has made his chicks just a little better than those of the other fellow.

We then proceeded to a field where we saw some older chicks in colony houses. There were pipes on the ground here with branches leading to water pans and having valves which, when the pans are empty, allow the water to flow into them, thus

saving someone the tedious job of carrying many pails-full per day. There also we saw a double-deck hen house, apparently a very good means of caring for a large number of hens under intensive conditions. The birds in it are worked under artificial light and, according to their owner, are producing eggs when all good birds should be comfortably settled upon the roosts for the night.

Boarding the cars again we proceeded to two turkey-raising plants where we saw some wonderful examples of that well loved Xmas and Thanksgiving dinner producer. Coming to Wellesley, wherein is situated the most exclusive ladies' college in New England, our guide showed us a duck farm. There we found many hundreds of ducklings under the care of the lady of the establishment. They ranged from one to six weeks of age, and really, ducklings are the most awkward and idiotic variety of domestic fowl that I have ever seen. Their feed consisted of a moist mixture of grains which even a hardened, porridge-loving Scotsman or cornmeal mush eating American would have scorned. Not so the ducklings, they are very voracious — needless to say, they were somewhat smelly and dirty, and their smelliness and dirtiness seemed to increase in direct proportion to their age. In the great majority of cases however, they are killed and eaten as "green ducks" at from eight to twelve weeks old.

The older ducks are kept under wall-less sheds and confined by fences thirty inches high. Civilized people would consider them very naughty, for they insist on being provided with light, when they should be in bed and asleep, if there is no pond wherein they can swim at night. They might otherwise become frightened and mill around, thereby causing much injury and death to their fellows. But,

we must hurry to Waltham, book rooms for the night and have supper.

Having eaten breakfast, albeit a poultryman has deigned to order eggs at a second rate hotel, we descended to the street only to find that an Irish policeman had attached a card to the steering wheel of the oldest flivver in the party, which was inadvertently parked on a street emblazoned with "No Parking" signs and in the opposite direction to that prescribed by still more signs. Here then is where our guide's knowledge of Massachusetts inhabitants, Irish policemen included, (for he was an Irishman himself) came to good account. Hastily crossing the street he shook hands with that dutiful officer of the law and having exchanged greetings and handed him a cigar has been told with good grace that as the owner of the car is an inhabitant of that wild and more or less unknown part of the country called Western Massachusetts he will be forgiven this time. He hastily added however, that a like offence committed by any member of our party must not occur again. So began the second day of our tour.

Massachusetts can, and does, offer many features peculiar to the Bay State — on arriving at the outskirts of Lexington we saw a neat wooden building labelled "Nest-to-U" Egg Farm. The proprietor of this establishment contracts for 1,500 pullets that will be ready to lay when they are delivered in the fall. In doing so he eliminates the job of hatching and rearing over 3,000 birds. He keeps the mature birds that he buys as long as they will lay eggs, then he sells them for meat. His place is on the state highway and when motorists are out riding he sells most of his products at the door — he keeps a man busy with a one ton truck at the same time. This is a

plant built with efficiency as the prime factor. Through his long houses are overhead tracks which carry feed and other supplies to each pen upon a specially constructed carrier which may easily be pushed through the double spring doors which divide the pens one from the other.

Our tour would not be well balanced if we could not see a hatchery such as that conducted by one Linda Bassé, a young French woman. She showed us a Smith Incubator with a capacity for the hatching of 40,000 eggs. To describe it from the outside one would say that it looks like a large refrigerator except that there is a special furnace at one end with many weights, chains, dials, and other apparatus by which automatic temperature control is obtained. Entering by a man-sized door, one finds that there are two fans each of two feet in diameter fixed in the ceiling, which send a current of air at 100 degrees Fahrenheit to all corners of the chamber, in which are placed, in regular rows, the many trays of eggs, with a convenient mechanism for their handling. The operation of the machine is continuous; that is, some of the eggs are set every few days and the trays containing them are moved progressively as incubation continues so that at the twenty-first day the chicks are to be found in a special chamber at the bottom of the machine.

Rolling along at about thirty-five miles per hour we soon found ourselves on the Newburyport Turnpike, one of the most famous Bay State Roads, on the way to the Essex County Agricultural School. Here we were served with an excellent lunch, cafeteria style, by the girl students of the institution. We were then shown around the poultry department, the most interesting feature of which was the "Palace" where the boys, all of high school age, are accommodated when it falls

to their lot to care for their feathered charges, a good looking flock of Rhode Island Reds.

Hurrying away for fear that we should not run on schedule time, we soon arrived at an establishment where our eyes feasted upon many thousand pigeons. Here, owing to the swampy nature of the country, all the houses were placed on stilts and stood about eight feet from the ground. Pigeon culture and the care taken of the squabs by their parents proved a very fascinating subject.

Undoubtedly this was the most spectacular day of the tour, for at Methuen we were to see 30,000 baby White Leghorn chicks at a glance — not to mention their good looking and well fed parents. Here also we saw a still more capacious incubator than at Reading — for this one was a building in itself, unlike the last which was simple and was contained in a huge cellar. The features are as follows — instead of the air circulating here we found a series of endless chains which carried the eggs and kept them moving, the trays being turned by means of weights which served to counterbalance the trays at a predetermined angle. The heat is supplied by means of twelve gas burners, similar to those used on cook stoves and for control, electrically operated thermostats are used. The capacity of this machine is 75,000 eggs at one time.

Having visited two more establishments, eating supper at Worcester, and playing bridge until two A. M. we again retired, to arise later and spend the last day of our tour in completing the circle to Amherst.

Several more farms were visited that morning, we had lunch at Fitchburg and drove over a part of the famous Mohawk Trail, from which we saw a very spectacular thunderstorm in the distance. It was dark as we pulled into Amherst, tired and rain-soaked, for we did not

dodge the storm. We were at least happy and in possession of far more knowledge and experience than had been our

lot at the outset, having seen how feathered stock is raised in the famous little Bay State.

Propagation of Small Fruit

The manner in which plants reproduce themselves is one of the most interesting studies to be found in Nature. Most of our common plants produce seeds, which in turn grow into plants of a nature similar to that which grew the seed. There is, however, a host of our cultivated plants, and especially so in the case of perennials, which must be propagated by some means other than seeds, if the parent plant is to be duplicated in every essential respect. Various methods are used to retain the characteristics of the parent plant, and consequently either cuttings of different kinds are taken, or the habit of the plant is utilized for this purpose. According to their reproductive habits, small fruits divide themselves into two groups, namely; those which reproduce naturally, and those which must be helped.

In the first group are strawberries, which reproduce themselves by means of runners sent out by the parent plant, and red raspberries and blackberries which reproduce by means of sucker growth, which is sent out from the underground stems of the parent plant.

With strawberries it has been found advantageous to have a special propagation bed. The blossoms are kept carefully picked from the parent plant, to enable the entire strength of the plant to go into the production and sustenance of the new plants, until they are rooted and can sustain themselves. From this it will be seen that it is very essential that the soil be kept in a state of perfect cultivation,

in order that the roots of the new plant may find abundance of moisture near the surface, since the essential of the strawberry plant is a strong, clean root-system. For economy in digging, the plants are allowed to grow as many runners as possible, and this is the main reason for giving them a special propagating bed. All of the plants are dug at the same time, and graded according to size, and any that are considered too small are discarded.

Red raspberries and blackberries require no special propagation bed, as an abundance of canes are obtained when thinning out surplus growth at the end of the summer, or in the spring, whichever time has been found best for this operation. It is necessary, however, in selecting the new canes, to take only strong, healthy plants that have been produced from healthy, vigorous parents.

There are several methods by which currants and gooseberries may be propagated, such as:—hardwood cuttings, single-eye cuttings and by layering; but the one used most extensively, commercially, is that of hardwood cuttings. Year-old wood is used, and cuttings having an average length of about eight inches are made. These are tied up in bundles (with the butts all one way) and buried butts up, under two or three inches of mellow soil. If these cuttings have been taken sufficiently early in the summer, they will callous over and form roots, when they may be set out in the nursery rows in the fall. Unless they are planted out

in the nursery before the ground freezes, additional covering is necessary to prevent injury to the tender roots.

It is customary to propagate grapes in a manner similar to that outlined for currents and gooseberries, but they may also be propagated by means of single-eye cuttings, by layering, or by grafting.

Loganberries, black raspberries, dewberries, and some of the purple cane raspberries are propagated by means of tip-rooting or tip-layering. Tips of growing canes are buried to a depth of a few inches, or a stone or clod of earth is placed on the tip during the time of rooting. This operation is done about August, or after most of the growth has been made. By this method, two or three new plants are obtained from each tip that has been buried. When the new plants have made growth of about a foot in length, they are ready for transplanting.

When transplanting the young plants of strawberry, red raspberry, black raspberry, loganberry, dewberry, blackberry and purple cane raspberry, they are transferred direct to the new plantation. New plants of currant, gooseberry and grape are planted in the nursery for a year or two to enable them to establish a root-system, before planting out to the permanent plantation.

In case any of these plants are to be shipped, it is necessary to pack the roots in moist sphagnum moss or other spongy material, and enclose them in canvas wrapping, to prevent drying out. The strawberry roots are usually trimmed slightly to facilitate packing, and to economize in transportation charges, as many are shipped by parcel post. Gooseberries, currants and grapes should be planted in the nursery, and not be shipped until one or two years after the taking of the cuttings.

Pomological Society of Macdonald College

R. S. BELL AGR. '26

The thirty-first annual meeting of the Quebec Pomological Society was held at Macdonald College on December the third and fourth, 1924. The gathering was of fruit-growers from all of the surrounding districts, attended as well as by many of the Government officials directly concerned with such work as the society encourages.

During the afternoons and evenings many very interesting talks were given by leading men engaged in fruit production.

The first meeting was opened early in the afternoon of the third by the presi-

dent's address. A brief review of the history of the society was given, together with the work of some of its more important members.

Dr. Harrison gave an address of welcome to the members of the society, expressing his desire to see Quebec apples become more popular. During the remainder of the afternoon a number of papers were read and short speeches were delivered. Father Leopold in his very interesting letter gave many facts concerning nursery practice for the province of Quebec. J. F. Demerais gave a

brief account of his own experiences of nursery practice and showed how so many others fail in their work.

These speeches were followed by others on nursery inspection, factors bearing on Orchard Fertility and discussion of the various subjects mentioned by the different members.

After this meeting there were shown three or four films which gave one a very good idea of the apple industry in Nova Scotia, the processes in the manufacturing of nitrogenous manures from the soil of Chili and how acid soils can be improved by the use of lime.

During the evening two very interesting talks were given, one by Miss E. W. Hamilton, of Ottawa, on Dehydration, showing how fruits can be preserved by this process. The second was by Mr. Tawse on Orchard Fertilizers emphasizing the value of cover crops and nitrate fertilizers in the orchard. Mr. Tawse also took up the different practices in caring for the orchard in sod and the value of cultivation.

The business meeting and apple packing demonstration took place on Thursday morning. During the afternoon apple storage problems were taken up by Dr. Dickson. Strawberry production, the Apple Curculio and Control, the Horticultural Council and Identification of Apple Trees occupied the afternoon.

During the evening Prof. T. G. Bunting gave an illustrated lecture on the Pruning of the Apple Orchard. The best kinds of trees, their good and bad points were discussed. He then took up the pruning of the young tree, starting of the orchard, its general care in relation to pruning. He suggested that the farmer rather than the nurseryman should form the tree head and the time to prune was also made clear.

There were two exhibits, one of select

apples, and the other of manufacturers' and nurserymen's produce. In the apple display was seen a very fine collection of fruit. This was arranged in an attractive form, the boxes being placed on sloping frames and the loose apples on plates on display tables. The box apples of the College were displayed separately from those sent in by local growers.

The box apples displayed by the College were all McIntosh Reds, while those displayed by growers consisted of McIntosh Reds and Fameuse.

The open dish displays consisted of a great many varieties, many of which were very fine fruit.

In the second display several large manufacturing concerns had tables for their special displays as did also nursery concerns and the Dominion Department of Agriculture.

The Canada Paint Co. Ltd., had a very fine display of Insecticides and Fungicides. The Crown Diamond and Spray Products manufactured by McArthur, Irwin Ltd. were also given a very prominent display. They had a very interesting chart showing the mixing of materials.

The John Cowan Chemical Co. of Montreal also had a display of similar materials.

E. D. Smith and Sons of Winona, Ont. had a very good display of nursery stock including three year old apple stock, the Snow, Duchess, and McIntosh Reds. They also had Lombard Plum stock. Then there was the two year old bush fruit stock of Raspberries and Gooseberries.

There were also exhibitions of various machines for dusting, box and barrel packing as well as the various types of boxes, crates, baskets, and barrels used for packing fruit.

The Dominion Department of Agriculture had a very fine display of dehydrated fruits.



Dream Pupils

Anonymous

It must have been the fault of the dietitian. It seemed that I had scarcely closed my eyes in well-earned repose, when I was standing in a classroom. There were several others there, whose faces seemed familiar to me. As I looked, one of them rose.

"Now then, fill up the front seats," she said, "it is perfectly absurd all crowding to the back of the room like this."

"Pupil Laird," I murmured feverishly. I saw four men move to the front of the room, seat themselves, and then solemnly return my stare. Their looks were expectant. I felt they were waiting for me to do something. Suddenly one of them cried, "I believe in college spirit!"

They all stood up, and with one accord yelled "Teach us, teach us

Rah, Rah, Rah!"

Then I knew. Horror with its icy chill benumbed my brain. What could I teach them?"

"Now then, we are all going to be very happy," I stuttered nervously.

Pupil Brunt leered over his spectacles.

"That's wrong," I thought.

"A rat is a harmless mammal," I recommenced.

"Now then, don't talk rubbish," called pupil Laird.

By this time I had regained courage. I turned up on him with a fierce stare.

"As I was saying before I was interrupted, a rat is a harmless rodent. It has four legs equally apportioned to the corners of its anatomy."

Pupil Percival with arm outstretched spoke.

"I may ask here, do you really expect me to believe this? I put it up to you, to either formulate percentage problems, showing what proportion the legs are to the body, or else to appeal to our eyes and to show us a rat."

"Certainly," I said, and produced a rat in a trap from behind the desk.

"It is all O. K.," he murmured.

"Well Miss Teachemall, before proceeding I consider that you should correlate this subject with reading."

I wrote "rat" upon the board.

"Sound it," I said.

They did, "rr—aa—t, rr—aa—t."

"Well?" I pointed to pupil Lockhart.

"I think I have gotten the answer. Could it possibly be 'rat?'"

"Good," I said. "Now then, looking at

this rat," I continued, "we see that it has a head. What did I say we can see, pupil Brunt?"

"What'll I say," he whispered to his neighbour.

I regarded him sternly.

"Oh! I know," he murmured, "A rat is a harmless rodent. Ah yes! Rat — rodent —, rat, — rodent." ("Rot, rubbish," interpolated pupil Laird, under his breath.) "Rat — rodent," continued pupil Brunt, "evidently the derivation is the same, undoubtedly it is similar. The Romans could not have helped making a great change in our language. Now there is something rather interesting connected with that —."

"Do you know what I asked you?" I interrupted.

"Now you mustn't expect me to remember everything you say," he replied, "it simply can't be done you know."

"Do you know or not?" I repeated.

"No," he said.

"That's a fair answer," said pupil Percival, "now I think I do know. I will tell you frankly, however, that I am not quite sure. I believe, however, that you said we could see the rat's head."

"Precisely," I returned. "Now what do we see on its head, pupil Laird?"

"Your question is not clear," he said, "You evidently wish me, either to enumerate the different parts of the whole head, or of the skull, or of the face, or else to name one part. Now then, you have not taught us the names of the different parts, therefore I should not know them; I do not know the parts of the skull, therefore I cannot tell you: clearly then, you wish me to name any part I know. I see two eyes, Miss Teachemall."

"It seems to me almost impossible," said pupil Lockhart, "that he could see both eyes at once."

"At any rate not from my view-point,"

said pupil Percival, who was sitting in the corner.

"What do you perceive now?" I asked as I advanced, rat in hand, towards pupil Brunt.

"I perceive a distinct atmosphere surrounds it" he said, "see my point?"

"Is there anything behind that at all?" asked pupil Laird.

"Yes," I said, "the tail."

"No, no, not the rat," he answered rather testily, "the remark that pupil Brunt made."

"Not much," I said.

"Well then," he rejoined, "it is perfectly useless to make such a fuss."

"I want to say in reference to this," said pupil Percival, "that in my opinion there is a great deal behind it. I think there is an atmosphere surrounding the rat. I agree with my colleague Brunt."

"All right, all right," I said taking the rat away, "we will pass on to the rat's tail."

"Tale, tale—oh yes!" said pupil Brunt, "did I ever tell you about the girl last year who was told to bring the beginning of a short story to class?" (Someone sighed.) "She forgot till the last minute that she had to do it. She only had a pencil with her, so she scribbled it out in a hurry. Her composition was returned with orders to do another. There was a kind of a wicked twinkle in her eye as she took the paper. This is what she handed up later 'Oh hell!' sighed the Duchess, as she threw her cigarette away and cocked her feet on the mantelpiece. When later on——"

I seemed to be correlating not only reading but also oral composition.

"I was speaking of the rat's t-a-i-l" I broke in.

"It seems that I should have a better perception, as it were a more exact and thorough knowledge of the tail, if you

were to state its length" said pupil Lockhart.

"As to that," I returned, "perhaps you could correlate this with an arithmetic lesson and give us an estimate of the length of the tail——"

"I should say it would be about six inches," he replied.

"It is curious" interrupted pupil Percival, "that they nearly always estimate a length too long, now I *myself* should have said about five inches."

"It is four and a half inches," I said measuring it.

"Exactly," said pupil Percival, "as I remarked, other things being equal, one is apt to estimate a length too long."

"What do you want pupil Laird?" I said, for he had his hand up.

"Please, what does a rat feed on?"

"Where do rats live?" asked pupil Brunt.

"How many rats are there?" said pupil Percival.

"Please, Miss Teachemall, are tame rats and performing rats truly educated?" inquired pupil Lockhart.

I lost control of my class. This last question brought down a storm of argument. I could only distinguish a few words.

"I am not saying a rat is human, but I think that his brain is certainly similar to a human brain, and——"

"I object to a rat being compared with a human being. I believe——"

"It is almost impossible to decide the question, as it were definitely to come to——"

"The subject bears closely on others doesn't it? Eh class?"

"There is a great deal of rubbish talked——"

I saw pupil Laird try to rise, he slipped, — fell — and dashed his elbow through the window-pane. The glass fell with a crash about him — I think I screamed.

* * *

The rising bell was just ringing and I turned sleepily over in bed.

"Thank goodness it was only a dream," I said to my bewildered room-mate.

C'est une grande folie de vouloir être sage
tout seul.

de La Rochefoucauld.

Pour s'établir dans le monde, on fait tout
ce qu'on peut pour y paraître établi.

de La Rochefoucauld.

Guilds in Mediaeval England

BY DAVID C. MUNROE

In glancing over the history of mediaeval guilds we are at once led to ask the questions: what caused their rise, and what their fall? Thus we cannot but refer to the social conditions under which we find guilds have thrived. Labour in early stages of our development, was simple, a man made what he needed, now he makes what he can make best. Our early ancestors, hunted, made clothes, were their own doctors and we say society was in a simple state. Today we are complex. Every profession is divided into a hundred and one sections. We have our surgeons, our physicians, our eye, ear, nose and throat specialists and our metabolism experts. The part each plays as an individual in society is different from that of any other individual.

It is during the period of transformation from simple to complex that guilds flourished. They are the product of conditions not simple yet not complex. Man made what he could make best, today he makes the part he can make best.

There are two other influences however that have crept into our society since its founding, which both play a large part in the life of the guild. Mankind had but a short path to tread before it came face to face with the dishonest workman. Specialization fostered dishonesty. Few men would be dishonest in making their own shoes, but when they made someone else's, trickery was as important a part of shoe-making as the making itself. Guilds then were formed to protect the honest against the dishonest, to make the trade an honourable one.

The other influence is Christianity. There are virtues which are purely Christian, which the world before Christ did

not recognize. Among these is fellowship. Fraternity can only last among those who have something in common. Who can have more in common than fifty master tanners of London with shops on Tanner's Row? This fellowship also fostered a commercial code which dictated the quality and price.

During the course of our discussion we dare not touch on the European guild for lack of time, we propose to deal entirely with the English Guild in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Century. At this period we find three distinct classes of Guild in the country. The Religious Guild supported by the Church for benevolent purposes, The Merchant Guild which was weakened and gradually superseded by the Craft Guild.

Concerning the first we may say but little. They proposed protection against old age, poverty and sickness. The Guild of St. Catherine of Aldersgate assisted a brother if he "fall into poverty or be injured through age, or through fire, water, thieves or sickness." They were first referred to in 1388 and were suppressed in 1547.

Inquiring into the Merchant Guild we at once embark on the economic aspect of the Guild. They were founded soon after the Norman Conquest and became important in many small towns. They were not found in London, Colchester, Norwich or the Cinque Ports. Their object was to protect the membership against competition from non-guildsmen or strangers. Practically all the merchant guilds included all the merchant life of the town and in many cases they had a strong influence in the government of the borough. Many craftsmen belonged to both the

Merchant and the Craft Guilds but when Craft Guilds rose Merchant Guilds fell.

During the centuries we are now discussing, it was customary for the youth of the working class to enter as apprentice into some craft. By this we mean that at an early age he entered the employ of a master tradesman. He lived with his master and was bound to serve him usually for a period of about seven years. There were seldom more than two or three boys apprenticed to one craftsman but there was a bond between boys of the same craft. Each craft had its saint and the Saint's day was celebrated by both the craftsmen and the boys. There was a spirit of fraternity. On completing his "time" the boy graduated to the ranks of journeyman or helper. He might now feel himself free to marry and when he succeeded in collecting sufficient capital he might set up shop as a master craftsman. When he did set up his shop, he was a full-fledged member of the guild and had his apprenticed help. He was also bound by craft rules.

The guild served its purpose. It aimed at abolishing the evils of competition, this it did to a marked degree for some time. When the guild ceased to serve its purpose—it fell. Among the guilds there were few labour disputes, there was a standard, usually an honest and fair one, for the output and there was no attempt to undersell. This led to a healthy industrial life. True fraternity always creates and sustains a healthy society.

There is a certain splendour which age gives to such conditions. A few centuries

make our judgment a prejudiced one. We are apt to think guilds created an ideal society, they did not. The rough edges wear off with age. Child labour was prevalent, women might be and were employed. The educational system was not a healthy one, judging from modern standards. The craft guild so dominated industry that new ideas, improvements and inventions were disregarded.

Craft guilds began to decay. They split into the merchant and journeyman guild—this was a division of capital and labour. This weakened the guild and stripped her of her usefulness. Here opened a wound that has not yet healed. A society of Britons and Frenchmen is much more healthy than one composed of a British and French aristocracy opposed to British and French labour. The guild was killed by those very elements it attempted to suppress. Competition crept in. Strangers who were non-guildsmen came and protested guild monopoly. Conditions became so distressing that in 1547 guilds were suppressed by Edward VI though their power was greatly lessened by the early Tudors.

One lesson modern economists may learn from the guild is the happy correlation of capital and labour in the early life of the English guild. Conditions today are so foreign to those of mediaevalism that we must find difficulty in fitting the guild to present conditions, certainly we cannot adopt the system in its entirety. The guild was a solution for mediaeval conditions, we must modify it considerably to make it fit today.





Some Simple Tests For Textiles

BY HELEN PARKER, B. H. S.'26

Have you ever wondered when buying materials, in any form, either by the yard or made up into clothes, if what you were getting was pure or if it would wear well? Some such question has assailed us all at some time and made us wish that we were more competent in judging materials, their purity and wearing qualities. Experts have devised tests to differentiate the four main fibres,—cotton, linen, silk and wool. For practical use these tests may be divided into two classes, those that can be made in the store on goods sold by the yard and on ready-to-wear garments, and those that can be made on a sample at home. These tests vary for the four different fibres.

Cotton, because of its cheapness, is used to adulterate the more expensive fibres, and thus produce a cheaper and less durable material. Cotton fibres, are when brushed and made fuzzy, give the appearance of wool, when knotted they look like the uneven threads of linen, and when mercerized they give somewhat the appear-

ance of silk. Cotton is not used altogether to represent these fibres, but it is often interwoven with them, so that it is very hard to detect the adulteration. The weave of a material has a great deal to do with its weaving qualities. Hold a piece of material up to the light, if it is thin in one spot and thick in another, we may be sure that it is of poor quality and that it will not wear well. This is true of all goods, but is especially applicable to silk. Materials which have a coarse thread running in one direction interwoven with finer threads, will not wear well, the coarse threads seem to wear away the fine thread running across them.

Cotton materials are cheap and therefore not adulterated, except in "sizing" a clayey substance that has been pressed into the material to fill in the holes of a coarse weave, and make it look heavier and more substantial. This, of course, would come out when washed, and leave us with a very thin goods. This can easily be detected by rubbing the piece of material. the 'sizing' will fly out in the

form of white dust. This test can be applied while buying. There are other tests for cotton which are more useful in detecting it interwoven with other fibres. Ravel out a few threads from the warp and woof threads. Pull apart the threads one at a time, the fibres of these broken ends separate and spread out from each other. Take a small sample of cotton material, set fire to it, notice how quickly it burns, carefully extinguish the flame and observe the grey ash that remains on the burnt edge. These two tests can be made on samples at home.

It is difficult to distinguish between cotton and linen goods, especially when, as is sometimes the case, cotton threads are knotted to give the uneven appearance of linen, and the damask weave of table linens is used on cotton goods. But there are a few simple tests to show us what is pure linen and what is not. Linen has a very characteristic feel, when held in the hand it seems to be cool and leathery, this is true of all linens, heavy table linens, or fine handkerchief linens. Ravel out a few threads as in cotton testing, the broken ends of linen, stick very closely together, coming together to form a point at the end like a small paint-brush. Both warp and woof threads should be tested, for often one set of threads is of cotton and the other of linen. The glycerine test is very efficacious in distinguishing cotton from linen, a drop of gly-

cerine on cotton leaves a greasy spot, on linen, a transparent spot.

The weave is especially important in silk, hold the piece of silk to the light to make sure that it is of uniform thickness. "Weighting" is used in silk in somewhat the same way as "sizing" is used in cotton. To detect this we take a small sample of silk and burn it. Pure silk burns away quickly, "weighted" silk is turned black by the flame, but is not consumed.

Pure wool should always feel soft, never harsh or rough. This test can easily be applied when buying goods. Woollen threads when pulled apart should leave fibres of irregular length, each one very fuzzy and curly. Woollen goods burn very slowly to a black gummy ball. Cotton is often used with wool, but these can easily be detected by the above tests.

Therefore we see that each fibre has its own peculiar characteristics. Cotton and linen with their different reactions to glycerine, linen with its cool leathery feel, pure silk burning away quickly, or weighted silk turning black, and wool, having only curly, fuzzy ends when torn apart and burning very slowly to a black gummy ball. The burning test and tearing test are more exact, but with a little practice our powers of feeling become more exact and we are able to judge materials by this alone.



Just a Reminder

THE FALL SHORT COURSE

By the time these few words reach you, dear reader, we, the Autumn Short Course, will be but a very faint memory to you. As for ourselves, we will not have forgotten Macdonald College or anything in connection with it, which covers a large field of both work and pleasure.

Had anyone peeped into Room 101 and seen us hidden behind large white aprons wearing expressions of despair over some product of three hours' labour which had unaccountably refused to do what it was intended to do, they would have found it in their hearts to pity us and their jeers and gibes would have remained unuttered. However, towards the end of our three months, we felt that owing to the

great patience and kindness shown by our instructors we were becoming visibly less incompetent and more familiar with the very necessary and important science of the household.

We will always remember the happy days spent at Old Macdonald and, apart from the benefits reaped, the fun and happiness of those three months will be one of the most pleasant recollections of our youth.

When, at some future date, we are happily married, we hope to cry gratefully with our husbands in the imposing manner of all current advertisements "We owe it all to you, Macdonald!"



Macdonald College Agriculture Alumni Association

It has been customary to publish in the second issue of the Magazine a financial statement of the Alumni Association for the preceding year. Those who take the trouble to compare this statement with that of 1922-23, will find that the balance this year exceeds last year's by \$16.68.

Now this is not because expenses have decreased — such could not be expected since our numbers are increased annually by the graduating class which necessarily entails additional expense and work (although the G. S.'s salary remains constant) — but because to a large extent, no less than eleven graduates paid their subscription arrears, and came back to the fold of our Association.

It is discouraging to report, however, that during the same year a few annual members who had their subscriptions previously paid to date, discontinued further payment even though encouraged to continue.

With the next reunion slated for June 1926 I would urge all our graduates to send in their dues and become members of the Association, or renew their memberships, as the case may be, in order that they might get acquainted with the present happenings at, or renew their interest in, Macdonald, our beautiful College.

This, I think, will tend to give you the "reunion spirit" before you come, and in all probability add to your appreciation of the reunion itself. Furthermore, you

must remember that the Association invites ALL graduates, whether members or not, to attend the reunion, which is staged by the Association and not by the College authorities. Therefore, be indebted to no one, but become a member yourself.

In this connection, I thought that a statement showing the present active membership of the association would be of interest to many, as visiting graduates invariably ask about the membership roll. It might further encourage many to join in order that their class might make a better representation.

Membership Roll 1923-24

Class	Number of graduates	Life Members	Paid-up Annual	Members Graduates in arrears
1911	14	10	2	2
1912	18	14	.	4
1913	18	11	2	5
1914	18	8	0	10
1915	17	6	3	8
1916	16	6	4	6
1917	12	6	2	4
1918	10	7	0	3
1919	2	1	1	.
1920	14	5	5	4
1921	27	4	5	18
1922	20	2	9	9
1923	22	2	13	7
Total	208	82	46	80



ANNUAL FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE M. C. A. A. A. FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 31, 1923.

— Receipts —

Balance forward from 1922-23 (less transfer)	14.75
Four life subscriptions at \$2.00 (plus overpayment)	82.77
Forty-six annual subscriptions '23-'24 (less exchange)	91.72
Eleven annual subscriptions (arrears)	22.00
One annual subscription (arrears to Alumni Association only)	1.00
Annual interest on 3 War Loan Bonds (5½%)	16.50
Annual Interest on 2 Cedar Rapids Bonds (5%)	9.50
Interest on 2 Wayagamack Bonds (6%, less transfer)	5.75
Transfer from Soldiers' Fund to close account	14.63
Interest on loan to Fourth Year student (reissued)	4.85
	\$293.47

— Expenditures —

Printing	14.38
Stamps	10.00
Stenography	35.28
Paper	3.40
Secretary's Salary	60.00
Two extra subscriptions to Magazine	2.00
75 extra magazines	18.75
Safety Storage of Bonds	1.00
Wire congratulations to Guelph Alumni	2.23
Interest on 82 Life subscriptions at \$10.00	41.00
Fourty-four annual subscriptions	44.00
	\$232.04
Balance on hand	\$ 61.43

— Assets —

2 Cedar Rapids Bonds

2 Wayagamack Bonds

3 Dominion War Loan Bonds

Cash for loans to deserving students.

Audited and found correct on August 14th, 1924 by :—

S. R. Norris Hodgins and

L. H. Hamilton.

Certified by Bank Manager's
Statement



NOTES OF INTEREST

Of the twenty-nine students registered for graduate work at the College this session, no less than thirteen are Macdonald graduates. T. Armstrong '23, Memorial Scholarship 1924, is completing his second term towards his master's degree, K. E. Stewart '24, Memorial Scholarship 1925, began his graduate studies in January. Both these men are specializing in Zoology and Entomology. The others, with their specialties, are as follows: E. A. Atwell '23, Plant Pathology; A. D. Baker '23, Entomology; F. Dimmock '23, Agronomy; W. L. Gordon '22, Plant Pathology; A. R. Graham '23, Entomology; O. W. Lachaine '22, Plant Pathology; E. A. Lods '12, Agronomy; W. A. Maw '20, Poultry; R. H. Smith '24, Plant Pathology; T. C. Vanterpool '23, Plant Pathology, and E. K. Williams '23, Bacteriology. All Macdonald graduates should be proud of this large representation, and especially those who subscribed to the Memorial Scholarship Fund.

Earl Hatch '20, is working on the Staff of the *Farmers' Guide* at Garden-vale, P.Q., for the Winter.

We learn that Paul Daly '21, is taking graduate work at West Virginia University, Morgantown.

The G. S. had the pleasure of seeing McKibbin '23, during the Christmas holidays. Mac is studying for his Ph.D.

in Chemistry at Maryland University, Md., and enjoys all the scientific privileges of the city of Washington, D.C. One of his favourite hobbies is taking down lectures, by eminent scientists visiting Washington, in shorthand. For the "latest" on atomic structure, please apply to him!

Weary Brighton '23 is back with us, taking some special work in Animal Husbandry. He 'has something in view.'

"Uncle" Sutherland '22, and Harry Bowen '23, were both visitors at the college during their Christmas holidays.

The Ex-General-Secretary, Egbert McOuat, made a special trip to the College from Kenogami during the holidays to give valuable hints to the present G. S. on 'how to run the M.C.A.A.A.' He maintains that the family is enjoying the rigorous climate in the far North.

Our congratulations are extended to Russ Derick '20, on his marriage to Miss Marion Olive, Westmount, a former student at Macdonald; to Wendell Holden '23, on the birth of a daughter at Meridale Farms, N.Y., and to Arthur Kelsall '18, on the birth of a son, on September 30th, last.

A report has just reached us that George C. Hay '16 has been appointed Live Stock Commissioner for the Province of British Columbia. Such a high position merits our heartiest congratulations.



Household Science Alumnae

We, of Household Science, are delighted when those who have gone before us, send us news, showing their success in the field of work that they have adopted.

Miss Marjorie Jones, Sen. Ads. '21, is the Head Dietitian of the very finely-equipped Civic Hospital, Ottawa.

Miss Jessie Naismith, Sen. Ads. '20, formerly dietitian at Childs' Montreal, is now assistant dietitian at the Ottawa Civic Hospital.

Miss Dorothy Sangster, B. H. S. '24 recently judged the cooking at a competition in the Women's Institute at Lennoxville. Her duties consisted in testing cake,



Spring Short Course, Household Science

bread, rolls, nutbread, pies, doughnuts, jelly and marmalade! Miss Sangster confessed that it was "some job" as the women were all "excellent cooks." She suggests as an improvement, that sixteen loaves of bread and eighteen jars of jelly would be easier to test, by applying the jelly to the bread, before sampling.

Miss Mary Clark, B. H. S. '24 sends vivid accounts of her work. She mentions that she has had the privilege of listening to a lecture by Mrs. Mary Rose, Teachers' College, Columbia, one of our foremost authorities on nutrition.

Miss Jean Raynor, B. H. S. '23 is doing important work in the Metabolic Department of the Boston Dispensary.

Miss Happy Van Wart, B. H. S. '23, spent a few days in Montreal and paid us a visit.

Miss Helen Munro, Sen. Ads. '24, is already planning to return to the Rhode Island Hospital, to take a Special Course in Dietetics.

Miss Louise Foss, Home-Maker '24, has begun her training as a nurse in the Montreal General.

Miss "Jimmie" Murdock has completed her course here and has returned to Ottawa. Miss Murdock will be greatly missed by her many friends here.

Miss Margaret Maclean, Home-Maker '22, is visiting in Montreal.

Miss Evie Jones, Homemaker '22, is visiting Miss Margaret Maclean, on her return to Ottawa.

Mrs. Bruce Chaplin, nee Kathleen Whitney, was at the Pomological Society Meetings, with her husband.

Miss Margaret Taylor, daughter of Dr. R. B. Taylor of Queen's University, was married to Mr. Gordon Anderson, Montreal, on January 31st.

Miss Margaret Robertson, Sen. Ad. '23, is engaged to Mr. Turner, New York.

The present year is Household Science extends best wishes for success and happiness to the Alumnae.

Teachers' Alumni

Several students of past years' Teachers class have been among our list of visitors since the last issue of the Macdonald College Magazine. These being: Beatrice Franckum, Martha Duffie, Norah Moore, Annie Tinning, Claire Duval, Sophie Apter, Kathleen Scott, Audrey Taylor, Evelyn Copeland, Mildred Hutchison, Gwen Whittles, Kay Little, Millie Baker and Billie Tait.

Also some of the "old girls" came out as rooters for the basketball game between the Old Girls' team and the present girls' team. These were Claire Jamieson, Grace Campbell and Doris Rice.

Miss Gwen Amaron, Teachers '23, visited the College recently with the Y. W. C. A. basket-ball team, and was as usual quite at home on the floor.

Mr. Frank Sharpe, Teachers '24, spent the Xmas holidays at his home in Ste. Anne de Bellevue.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Iris Smellie, Teachers '22, to Mr. Kenneth Smiley, was solemnized on Wednesday, December 31st, 1924, at Arundel, Que.

Teachers '25 are glad to welcome Jessie Holland, Norma Hutte and Amy MacFarlane who are back to complete their course.

The Skipper

BY V. DAWSON, AGR. '28

The most important personage on board any ship is the skipper, or "old man" as he is called familiarly by all hands when they are sure he cannot hear them; no matter if he commands a crack ocean greyhound or merely directs operations on a lowly river tug-boat, this rule holds good. On any ocean-going vessel, once clear of the harbour mouth, he is the lord and master of his domain, for invested in him is the power of life and death, with no one to question or disobey any of his mandates, for to do such would amount to mutiny, one of the two crimes in the maritime code punishable by death. The man who possesses a master mariner's certificate must of necessity be a learned man, for not only does he have to be a thorough seaman and expert navigator, two great branches of knowledge in themselves, but in addition he is called upon to have quite an extensive knowledge of the medical and surgical sciences, while in port he automatically turns into the ship's lawyer and general factotum. Truly a wonderful gentleman, is he not?

Our old man was a splendid example of the old school of master-mariners; no pampered swell of a mail-boat officer but one who had served forty-five of his sixty years sea life under the white canvas. He went to sea in 1865 as an apprentice-officer in one of the most famous square riggers that ever lost men off her yards, and such was his merit that twelve years later he was in command of one of the crack Australian wool clippers. I have heard some wonderful yarns told about his doings in those days and one old shell-back in particular, who had served in

the same clipper as a seaman, told me with many diabolical imprecations that our "old man" was the worst skipper for carrying sail he had ever served under. It seems that the old fellow once bet a P. and O. mail-boat captain that he would race him from Fremantle to Capetown and after a snorting passage during which the clipper had literally to drag all the canvas she couldn't carry he actually arrived in port a day ahead of the liner. This little race cost him the lives of two good seamen, lost from the yards while trying to reef the mainsails in a heavy blow but I hear he endeared himself to the rest of the crew by having two cases of the best rum sent up to the forecabin. "After that, sir" said the old salt "we'd a' raced the devil back to hell for him." Evidently the skipper understood the psychology of his sea-dogs fairly well.

In 1909 or thereabouts, on the selling to foreign buyers of the big four master which he commanded at that time, our skipper, greatly to his disgust, had to transfer his flag to steam, but fifteen years service in modern steamers has not ameliorated his dislike for them and the dirtiest little windjammer that ever sailed brings forth more admiration from him than a grayhound of the Atlantic could ever do. He used to consider it part of his duty to devote two hours a day to teaching his "young gentlemen," as it pleased him to call the junior cadets and myself, the theory of navigation and some days, when we did not feel inclined to study that maddening science, one of us would ask some question or other about the old sailing days. This was a signal for us all to

drop our books and instruments, for off he would start and fill the rest of the time expounding that particular question and a great many more besides. This little dodge worked very well for a time but one day it must have dawned on him that his leg was being pulled, for without any explanation he ordered the three of us to go on watch and a half for the rest of the trip, which meant that we now had twelve hours a day on the bridge instead of the usual eight. Moreover he threatened to have us all transferred if we weren't extremely proficient in the knotty problems of reduction to soundings by the time we arrived in port. A just retribution say you, but we did not think so and loud and long were our lamentations when we

were told on the next trip that considering we knew so much about them, that "it would be just as well if in future you will work all sounding calculations, just to keep your memory fresh."

Good old Captain S——! He has now exceeded the allotted three score and ten by five years but yet remains as sprightly and keen-sighted as the youngest of his cadets. Some day, though, I shall hear that he has been laid to rest in the only fit grave for such a lover of the sea and with only the smoke of a passing steamer to write his epitaph on the sky. With his passing the world will be poorer by still another of those stout hearted, true and judicious seamen which the sailing craft alone knew how to rear.

Biblical Entomologists

(Being part of an address by C. E. Petch)

"Awake.....and weep, and howl,For a nation hath come over my land, bold and without number." Thus, Joel, writing some seven or eight hundred years B. C., partly describes a locust plague. I would recommend budding entomologists to read this description because it is such a graphic and true description of an outbreak in a very condensed form. The moral is "brevity turneth away wrath." There have been several outbreaks both before and following Joel. In Syria, 1865 was commonly called "the year of the locusts." In 1892, they devastated the Jordan Valley near Jericho. In 1899, they were destructive in Galilee, and in 1904 in the Southern Desert. Early in 1915, the species *Acridium* (*Schistocera*) *peregrina* swept all over Palestine and Syria. Before they

were seen, the people heard a loud noise similar to that which St. John described in Rev. IV. 9. "The sound of their wings was as the sound of chariots of horses running into battle." At Bethlehem, swarms were driven to the ground by rain and quantities were gathered by the poorer classes. They were roasted, eaten and pronounced delicious, especially the females full of eggs. Furthermore, for those of you who are forbidden the lowly hog, there is some comfort in Lev. 11 22—"These of them ye may eat: the swarming locust after its kind."

A fine suggestion for you fellows to reduce the high cost of living. At Jaffa, they were collected in tons and thrown into the Mediterranean, but later when washed ashore dead they were dried and

used as fuel. You, who are true soldiers of the Cross, will be interested to know that this locust storm actually came from the North, but were thought to come from the South. In Joel, 2, 28, you will see "And the Northerner will I remove far from you." This logically refers to the locusts and not to Judah's enemies, the Assyrians and Chaldeans. Thus, the accuracy of Joel's account is established.

It was discovered, while fighting this plague in 1915, that by waving large black flags, which cast a shadow on the ground, countless numbers could be guided in the desired direction. As they came in endless chains (wingless form), their ranks could be narrowed and driven from morning to night into a sunken tin box with a strip of tin leading to it on either side. When buried in large masses they died quickly. By such a trap 400,000 hoppers in the last moult stage were captured in an hour. Later the sunken box was done away with and a tin box with an incline built to it was placed on top of the soil. Later this gave way to a tin hopper set on legs high enough to allow a bag to hang down. To this hopper an incline was made and when the sack was full it was quickly removed and replaced.

Besides these outbreaks, there were the Egyptian plagues, which must have been terrible, for Moses says, Exodus, 10, 4, 6 "Behold tomorrow will I bring the locusts into thy coasts: and they shall cover the face of the earth:.....and they shall eat the residue of that which is escapedevery green tree which growethand they shall fill thy houses and the houses of thy servants and the houses of all the Egyptians." Notwithstanding this destruction, consider the feelings of the humans with dozens of these creatures with sawlike legs making a race-course of their backs. The natives speak of the locusts as "God's Army" and

they even find the word "askar" (soldier) in Arabic letters on the invading locusts wings. The Hebrews also believed this, for "The Lord shall utter his voice before his army: for his camp is very great." Joel 2, 11). The Mohammedans held them sacred for Mohammed says "Do not kill the locusts, because they are the hosts of God the Most Mighty." Of course, that meant if they did not attempt to destroy the grain fields of the Mohammedans. The story goes that a locust fell between the hands of the Prophet Mohammed, and it was written on its two wings in Hebrew; "We are the hosts of God the Most Mighty, and we have ninety-nine eggs and had the hundredth remained to us we should have eaten the world with all that is in it." Therefore, Mohammed said, "Our God destroy the locust, kill its great ones and cause to die its little ones, and corrupt its eggs and close their mouths against the plantings of the Mohammedans and their places of getting a living." How different today when without prayers the entomological prophets simply say, "Scatter poison bran early in the morning."

It is interesting to know that Jordan Valley is 1,300 feet below the Mediterranean Sea, and the females were observed ovipositing in the banks of the Jordan in 1915 in front of Jericho where (Joshua 3. 16) "The people passed over right against Jericho." They were also observed, in the heavy alkali soil, ovipositing in "The Vale of Siddim, which was full of slimepits; and the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah fled and fell there." (Genesis 14. 10). You remember these two monarchs who served faithfully Chedor-Iaomer for twelve years and rebelled in the thirteenth. No doubt that it is why we so often hear today about the unlucky thirteenth. They were also found on the highest mountain tops, crawled all over the birthplaces of David and Saul; also they

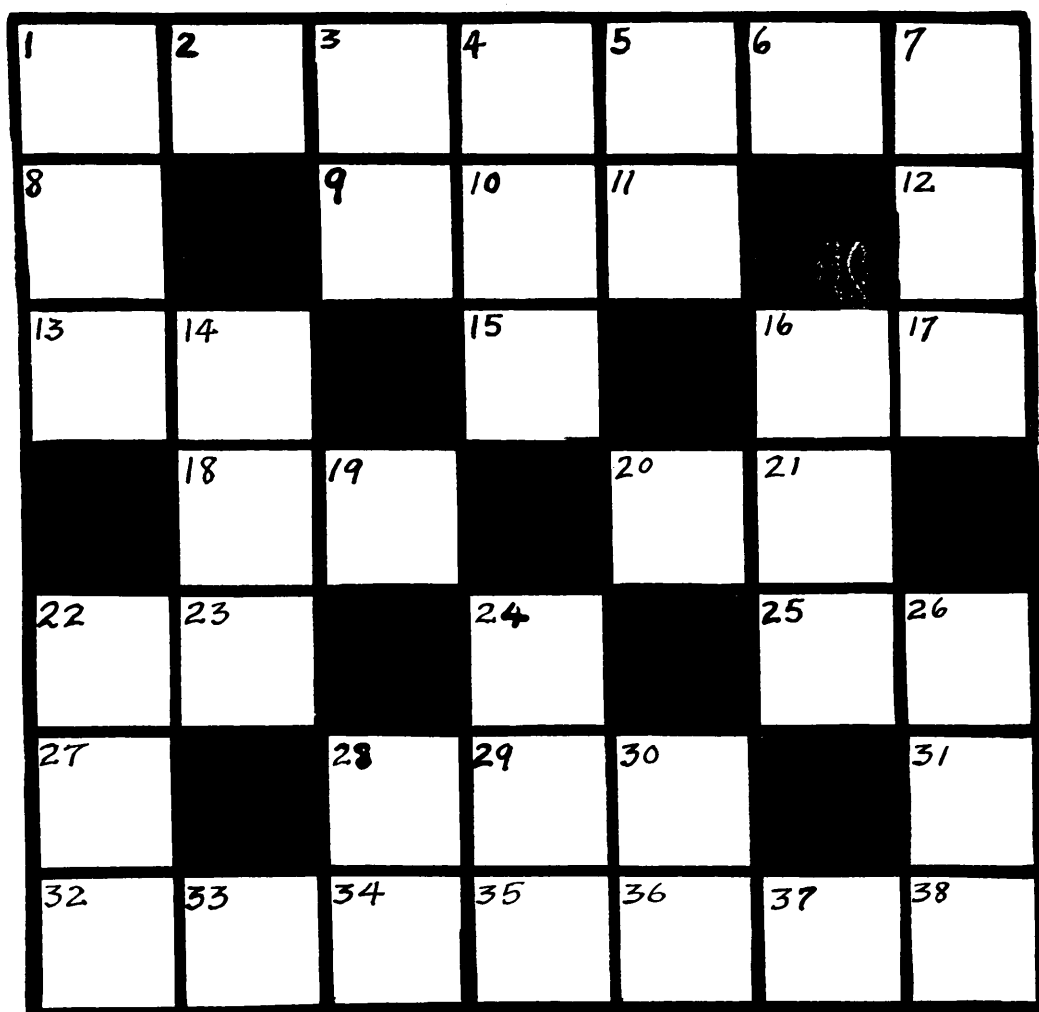
oviposited in the chalky soil of the Wad el Nar (the Valley of Fire), near the Valley of Hinnom where Isreal caused his son or his daughter to pass through the fire to Moloch (II Kings 23, 10). They also deposited in the barren districts of the wilderness of Aaron's "scapegoat" (Lev. 16, 10), as well as in the richest soil of the Philistine Plain where Samson caused such destruction when he turned loose three hundred foxes with firebrands into his enemies wheat fields, vineyards and olives (Judges 15; 4, 5); also in the soft, shifting sand dunes along the seacoast of Tyre, Sidon and Gaza, which at one time were among the greatest cities of the earth: on the precipitous slopes between Mickmash and Gibeah where "Jonathan said to the young man that bare his armour, Come, and let us go over unto the garrison of these uncircumcised. and Jonathan climbed up upon his hands and upon his feet And that first slaughter which Jonathan and his armour bearer made was about twenty men." (1 Samuel 14; 6-14.) In fact the locusts were all over the land. The eggs were laid in many places about sixty to seventy-five thousand per square yard. When they hatched they started to march, in the reverse direction to that in which their parents came, going north-east, and they were as "The sand which is upon the seashore for multitude" (Judges 7, 12). People and horses slipped about badly when the greasy bodies were crushed under foot, and trains were stopped for hours at a time. The moving of the young in mass formations affected the eyes and produced a dizziness not unlike seasickness, "And they shall march every one on his ways and they shall not break their ranks, (Joel 2, 7). Solomon, the first entomologist, says of them "The locust hath no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands." (Proverbs 30, 27). In

this outbreak of 1915 the whole district around Jerusalem fell a prey to them, except the part within the walls. "The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness: yea, and nothing shall escape them." (Joel 2, 3). They were especially injurious to the vineyards and fig trees, and after defoliating the latter the bark was eaten off the young branches, which became snow white exactly as the plague in Joel's time, several hundred years B. C. "He hath laid my vine waste, and barked my fig tree: he hath made it clean bare and cast it away; the branches thereof are made white." (Joel 1, 7). But worse was yet to come for they totally destroyed the truck gardens. Luckily, vegetables came from Jericho, for the eggs failed to hatch in the alkali soil of the Vale of Siddim, but later the flying locusts destroyed these crops and Jaffa sent supplies, but, alas, the price was so high, the food was only for the rich.

Most serious was the destruction of the olive trees, which prevented the manufacture of olive oil, which is both meat and butter to the poor. Further, because of the locusts, lamps, never before dim, hanging in the Christian churches, were extinguished. Thus history was again repeated, for you no doubt remember the sacrifices made at Judah's Temple after the locust devastation: "Gird yourselves, and lament, ye priests: howl ye ministers of the altar, — for the meat offering and the drink offering is withholden from the house of your God." (Joel 1, 13). Most disastrous, however, was the destruction of the grape crop, for the price of "drinks" increased many times, and a Joel was not needed to exclaim, "Awake, ye drunkards, and weep; and howl, all ye drinkers of wine." (Joel 1, 5). The locusts had caused a general 'moaning at the bar.'

Mac's Crossword Puzzle

BY NORMA E. HOLMES



Horizontal.

1. The way we go to meals.
9. Some people think they can dig it up anywhere.
13. A preposition.
16. —and Sunday afternoon—
18. Where the good ones go (I hope you'll join us.)
20. To act.
22. Near or by.
25. What no student is (an abbreviation.)
28. Handy to have but two are better.
32. What we do when we receive a formal invitation from the House Committee.

Vertical.

1. Favourite indoor sport-or what we live for.
3. What the bell after meals means.
4. September to June.
5. Regarding.
7. Associated with no bananas.
14. Not after six o'clock.
16. A signal freely seen in lecture room No. 175.
22. The ability to put red roses on pale cheeks.
24. The lights on the rink — (very!)
26. In golf, "Now you see it and now you don't."
28. I can't help it, it's natural.
30. Steve wrote an article on it.



G. G. M. INAUGURATED AT MACDONALD

The Men's Dance is proving to be an incentive to the formation of a Society in the Women's Residence, the first of its kind to be definitely instituted here. Realizing that co-operation is necessary for success in any undertaking, this organization has taken for its motto the old Roman standard, "United we stand, divided we fall."

Interested in the Arts, Religion and Science in all their forms, this Society has for its particular aim the study of that branch of Horticulture which deals with the prevention of those unnecessary weeds, wallflowers.

Although this Sorority is as old as the ages and had Eve as its first sister, previously it had never been named. The members of the Macdonald Chapter in orthodox fashion, have named it "Gotta Getta Manna."

The Disconsolate One: "I wish I were dead."

The Consoler: "Why? Can't you marry her — or did you?"

Co: "Don't you think Connie looks spirituelle in that gown?"

Edna: "Well, I'll admit there is not much of the material about her."

—*The Owl.*

SOME HOWLERS *Selected*

The place where the Pharisees worshipped was called a sanatorium.

The Wise Men brought gold, frankincense, and myrth to our Lord.

All the people were going along and a woman with her umbrella up blew inside out.

A man who admires Bacchus is a confirmed smoker.

When the lady heard the news she was filled with emulsion.

Queen Elizabeth was tall and thin, but she was a stout Protestant.

Excessive consummation of alcohol is bad for a man's cistern.

The Minister of War is a clergyman who preaches to soldiers.

Common salt is the substance which makes potatoes taste nasty without any.

The students in Household Science have become so imbued with the teachings of Dr. McCarthy that they carry on their daily conversation in the form of equations. For example one Chemistry devotee was recently heard to remark, "Flying bacon + boiled water + the weather + Hail Columbia from Miss B. + burned and late meals = two weeks in the Practice House at Mac.

BRIGHT OUTLOOK IN SCIENTIFIC WORLD

Marvels are happening every day.

The moon eclipses the sun and at the same time theories are evolved and dissolved.

Vitamines A B C D and E and Stations WXYZ are glib phrases.

If, says the layman, radium can knock the hydrogen off of nitrogen perchance I can whack a few dollar bills off my nickles!

Pembroke College, Oxford, is famous for its Welshmen. A messenger-boy appeared at the Porter's Lodge there one day with a parcel "for Mr. Evans."

"Mr. Evans," said the porter. "There's a dozen Mr. Evans's at Pembroke."

"This is for Mr. Rhys Evans," added the boy.

"Five Mr. Rhys Evans's at Pembroke." was the reply. "What's the parcel?"

"A toothbrush."

"Why didn't you say so before" grunted the porter, as he took the parcel, "There's only one Mr. Evans as ever uses a tooth brush."

It has been reported that a certain senior when leaving Wright's put on the wrong coat. We are still wondering whether he escorted the right girl home.

We should like to know—What is the matter with the Winter Course if its members pass for Lecturers in Bacteriology?



**THE
MAN
WHO
KNOWS -**



**PUTS HIS MONEY
WITH
THE OLD FIRM
IKE SKINNER**

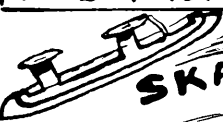
MONEY BACK IF YOU DON'T WIN.

**WHEN
YOU SMOKE -**



**SMOKE
BRITISH
TONSILS**

AND PROTECT YOUR THROAT.



SKARR SKATES

SATISFIED BUYER WRITES :-
"Last year I bought a pair of your
skates. NOW WE ALL HAVE SKARRS."

She frowned on him and called him Mr.
Because in fun he only Kr.
That very night,
To do her spite,
That naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.

recapitulate stale jokes?

Exchange

The soph stood on the railway track,
The train was coming fast.
The soph got off the railway track
To let the train go past.

They say that ex-President Taft
Was hit by a golf ball and laughed
He said "I'm not sore
For although you cried 'Fore.'
The place that you hit me was aft."

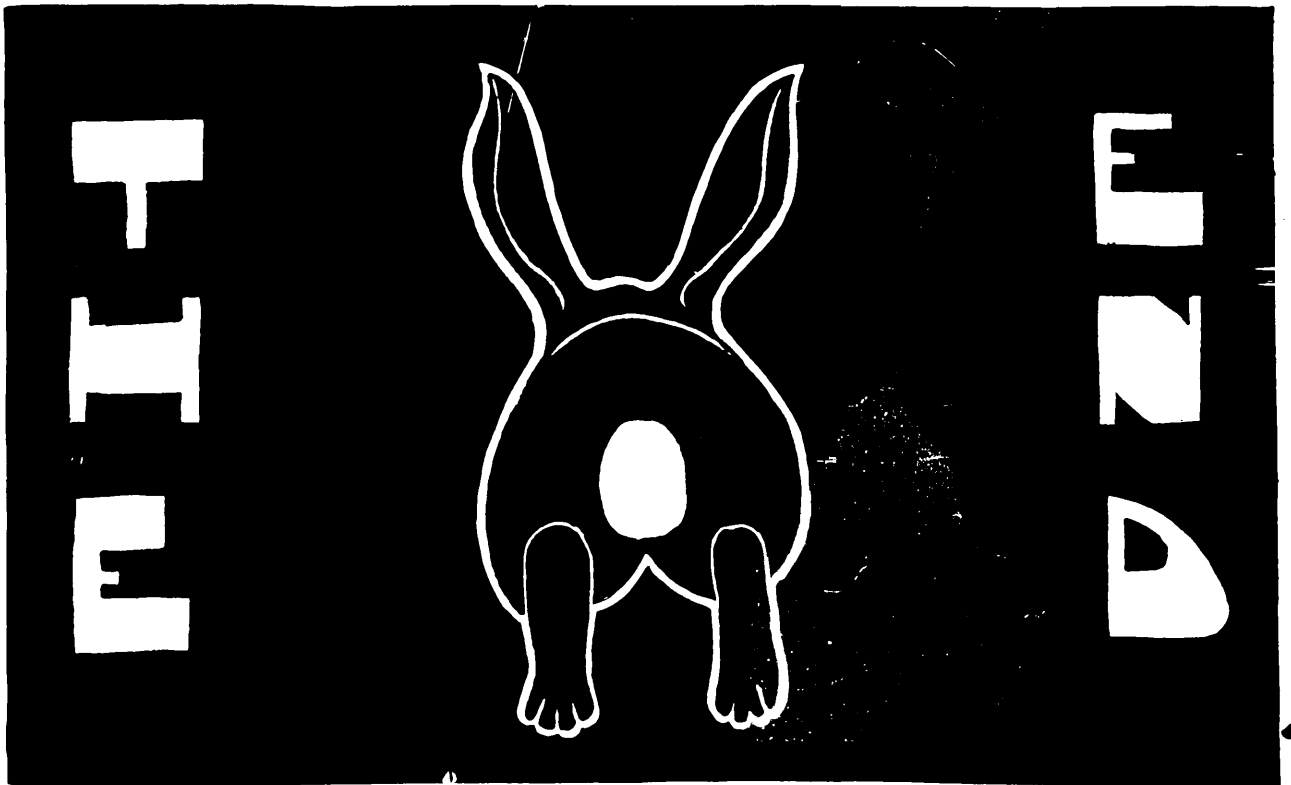
Exchange

The senior stood on the railway track
The train was coming fast,
The train got off the railway track
And let the senior go past.

Wally: Anyway my jokes are my own.
I'm not guilty of Phylogony.

Query: If Ontogony tends to recapitulate Phylogony, does Phylogony tend to

There once was a very dark sheik
Who gazed on the maidens so meek
His name is obscure
But one thing's not sure—
Did his crushes last more than a week?





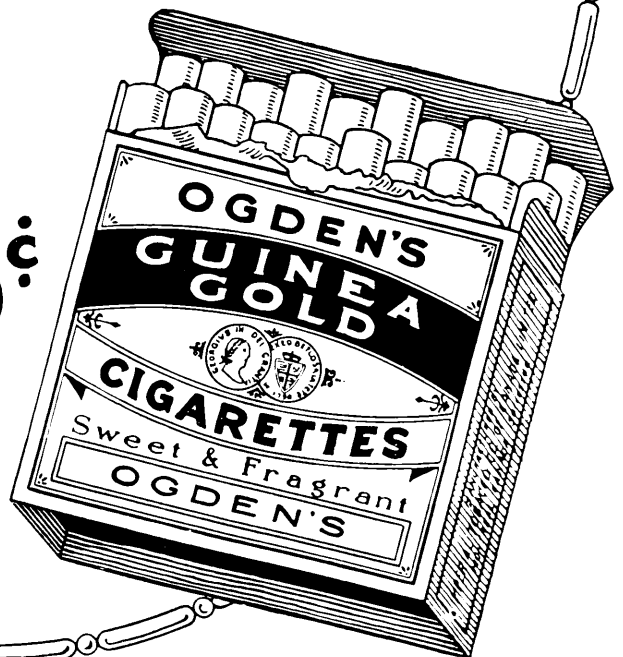
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OGDEN'S
LIVERPOOL



A General of the Irish National Army was sent down to Cork to inspect the troops there. He inspected them and then lunched at the officers' mess. He addressed the officers after mess thus,—
 “Colonel—and officers, I have inspected the troops under your command and I am glad to be able to report to the Commander in Chief on their steadiness on parade, their soldierly bearing and general smartness which is worthy in all respects of the dignity of the Irish Nation we all have the honour to serve. I am glad also to see that you have such a fine mess here. That is as it should be and I think that you will best measure

“the degree of satisfaction that my inspection of your troops and the hospitality of your mess has given rise to in my mind by the very small suggestion rather than criticism that I am about to make. Gentlement, I think it would be more in accordance with the dignity of this mess of you had serviettes.

A voice was overheard in a stage whisper from the bottom of the table. “Glory be for that any way for I’m kilt with cabbage ivery meal!”

* * *

Little daubs of powder
 Little dabs of paint
 Make a homely maiden
 Look like what she aint!



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